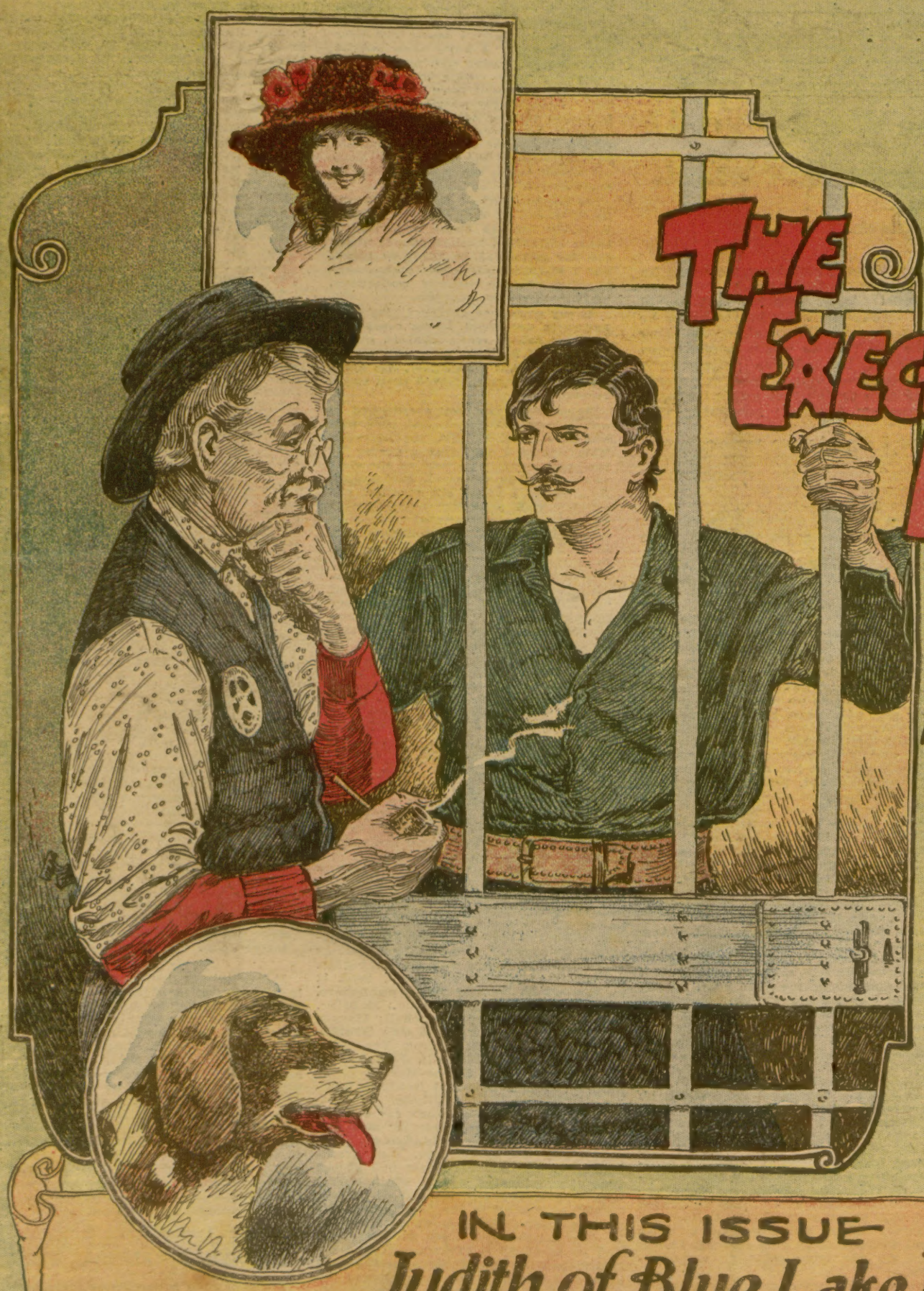
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. L. NO. 41. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1922. 5 CENTS A COPY



THE EXECUTIONER DOG

An Unusual Story by A. deFord Pitney

Complete on page 5

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Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

A Better and More Interesting Western Story than any You've Ever Read to Date

C. O. Longabaugh

CHICAGO LEDGER

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VOL. L. OCTOBER 14, 1922. NO. 41.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 42

A Slump in the Umbrella Market.

By Hayden Carruth.

"YOUR father is a very mulish man," said Mrs. Pepper, as she bit her lip and tapped her toe impatiently on the rug before the fireplace.

"Oh, don't say that, Mamma," protested the girl. "Mulish isn't a pretty word. Papa is firm."

"Mildred, I've lived with your father thirty-five years—I ought to know what he is. I say he's mulish," insisted the older woman.

"But it seems to me that stubborn is quite strong enough word to apply to Papa. I suppose he acquired it when he had those awful lawsuits while he was conducting that store."

"Hush! Don't mention that horrid store. You'll be referring to when he kept a livery stable next, or speaking of the fact that he was a farmer when I married him. We've gotten away from all those things. Now, if he only would give up the real estate business, perhaps we could do something with him."

"But I don't believe anything would make him carry a different umbrella, Mamma," returned the daughter. "That umbrella is really too bad."

"It is shocking—that's what it is. I told him a month ago that I would not appear in public again with him while he is carrying it."

"What did he say to that?"

"Say? I don't remember what he said—I only know he has carried it every day since, rain or shine."

"Well, you know the clearer the day, the more certain he is to take his umbrella. He always says of a fair day that it is a 'weather breeder.'"

"Oh, don't! Well, he understands my position now, and he can make the most of it. I will put up with his fourteen-dollar suit of clothes, but I will not endure that old cotton whalebone-ribbed umbrella any longer. There he comes now," and Mrs. Pepper gazed ruefully out the window at her spouse as he ambled up the street, punching the sidewalk vigorously at each step with the chief cause of all her woe.

Mr. Pepper was a short, active, plain citizen, with a bald head, a ruddy complexion, a humorous eye, and a firm mouth, who could see no reason why he should change his ways of living, now that his income was $50,000 a year, from what they had been when it was $500. In deference, however, to what he considered feminine foolishness, he had conceded a fine house, a carriage, a retinue of servants and other things in which his wife had a direct interest, but in the manner of his own personal affairs he insisted stoutly that he should go on in his own way. Acordingly he continued to wear ready-made clothes, always at least one size too large, and commonly bought at some stupendous "fire sale," or great "removal prize slaughter." As for his umbrella, it was an ancient and timeworn relic which he had carried ever since his oldest friends could remember. In his possession of it he was envied by the State Historical Society alone. The antiquaries of this learned body believed it to be the original umbrella carried by old Jonas Hanway, in 1750. Mr. Pepper, as Mrs. Pepper had intimated, was seldom separated from this precious survival. On the rare occasions when he appeared on the street without it he was scarcely recognized by his most intimate acquaintances.

When Mr. Pepper entered the house on the present occasion he first paused in the hall and struck the newel-post a resounding whack with the umbrella as a regular official notification to his family that he had arrived, and then stood it in the corner, since it had long passed the stage when it could be forced into the costly porcelain umbrella vase which stood by the carved oak settle. Then he entered the drawing-room where his wife and daughter were, rubbing his hands and softly whistling the "Blue Juniata."

"Dinner ready?" he inquired, cheerfully.

(Concluded on Page 11.)

IOWA PHYSICIAN MAKES STARTLING OFFER TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

Found Treatment Which Healed His Own Catarrh and Now Offers To Send It Free To Sufferers Anywhere.

DAVENPORT, Iowa.—Dr. W. O. Coffee, Suite 813, St. James Hotel Bldg., this city, one of the most widely known physicians and surgeons in the central West, announces that he found a treatment which completely healed him of catarrh in the head and nose, deafness and head noises after many years of suffering. He then gave the treatment to a number of other sufferers and they state that they also were completely healed. The Doctor is so proud of his achievement and so confident that his treatment will bring other sufferers the same freedom it gave him, that he is offering to send a 10 days' supply absolutely free to any reader of this paper who writes him. Dr. Coffee has specialized on eye, ear, nose and throat diseases for more than thirty-five years and is honored and respected by countless thousands. If you suffer from nose, head or throat catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises, send him your name and address today.—Adv.

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY

Readers having problems which they intend to submit to Miss Grey are advised that the response to her department has been so generous that several months will elapse before answers to queries coming in even at this date can be printed. Many questions thus far sent in are duplicates, however, of others, and perhaps YOUR problem may find its answer in the solution of some one else. If you have a problem it will pay you to watch this column.

DEAR MISS GREY: I am an earnest reader of your department in the Ledger and have come to the conclusion that you are the one to assist me. My sole ambition is to become a brilliant "star" in the literary world. I have cherished this dream ever since I spent my first day in school. I have been taught the art of photoplay writing and have written a play which has received favorable comment from my instructor. I am deeply puzzled over this: If I sold this or any other story to a movie producer, would I thereby forfeit the right to offer it for sale to a magazine? Where can one have an 80,000-word story published in book form?

On the 2nd day of November I will be 20 years of age; do you believe it is too late to begin studying to enter college? I realize one is never too far advanced in years to learn, but I always picture the embarrassment a mature student undergoes, or rather, would undergo.

Is my grammar correct? My education is one-sided, being compelled to leave school when in sixth grade, because of financial reverses in the family. What I do know, has been, for the most part, gained thru experience.

Some time ago you mentioned in one of your articles the fact that you had met a Dr. Wright, psychologist. This winter I also met a doctor by the same name, who was on the staff of St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., where I spent six months, observing and studying psychopathic patients, as a member of a class of six young ladies. This doctor was himself a study, being an extraordinary man.

Will you please give me the definitions of the words "democrat" and "republican," and the aim and purpose of each? The definitions in the dictionary are not very clear to me, being brief and unexplanatory.

I trust some day I may have the great pleasure of meeting you personally. Hoping to see this in print soon, and wishing you all the good fortune in the world, I am, very sincerely yours, MISS A. G. G.

Your letter is extraordinarily interesting and I marvel at the strides you have taken since leaving school. In the first place, I don't see why you should not follow out your dream of accomplishing things in the field of letters. If your interest has persisted since you were a tiny girl, I think you are safe in assuming that you can weather discouragement—for there is no dearth of discouragement, even in the lives of the most successful writers. Concerning your photoplay, place in typing at the top of your scenario the words, "photoplay rights only," or "story rights reserved by author." You will get just as much for it as if you delivered all rights. As for the 80,000-word story, send it to the whole list of book publishers. A few are: Henry Holt & Co.; McBride, Nast & Co.; Kennerly Mitchell; Harper & Brothers; Dodd, Mead & Co.; Doubleday, Page & Co., all of New York City except the last, which is in Garden City, L. I., New York. Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis and Reilly & Britton of Chicago are two others.

It is not too late to study for college, and if you go to a university you will find all ages of people studying; many people are past middle age. Your grammatical errors are very few and of the type that educated people often make: Say, "I shall be 20," instead of "I will be 20," as "will," in the first person expresses determination to do a thing, tho in the second and third persons (you and he or they) it expresses simple futurity, just as "shall" does in the first person (I and we). In the sentence beginning "My education——," the participle "being compelled" has to modify the subject noun. If you make "I" the subject of the sentence it will be all right. Use commas more sparingly. You write a perfect letter and your punctuation is otherwise flawless.

Your Dr. Wright is not the same one I know, I see.

Now for the words "Democrat" and "Republican." A Democrat is one who believes in a low tariff on imported goods. A Republican is one who believes in a high tariff on imported goods. With low tariff, foreign goods can be sold in America much more reasonably. This makes for competition and the lowering of prices generally on both imported and domestic manufacturers. Our own manufacturers and their employes reap less profit then, and since most of the North is tied up in manufacturing, it behooves it to be Republican. As the South is tied up in planting and wishes to buy its implements and merchandise as cheaply as possible, it is to the interest of the South to be Democratic. Good wishes to you.

—

Dear Miss Grey: Am a girl of 20 and love a soldier and he has already asked me to be his wife in October, but my mother and father disapprove of him. I have gone with him ever since February. Sometimes I want to talk about the future and he'll stop me by saying that we can never get married, so I'll just say, "All right, if you don't want me——." Then he'll say he was only kidding me. He says he'd like to see me angry, but I've always tried to hold my temper. Could you tell me what to do, as I cannot decide for myself. Should I look for another partner?

REALLY UNHAPPY.

From what I can glean from your letter, it doesn't seem as if the soldier would be the husband for you. If he is not willing to talk about the future, it means that he has prepared no future for you. I should give him up definitely. You are too young to let a half-hearted sweetheart spoil your life. Wait for some one who shows his regard for you in every way. If he leaves any doubt in your mind that he loves you—then you are safe in assuming he does not really love you. This state of uncertainty is hard on your health and your beauty and a man knows very well when his sweetheart is in this state and if he allows it it is proof positive that he is cruel. Wipe him off the slate, kiddie.

—

Dear Miss Grey. I am a girl 20 years old, altho every one thinks I am 18, considered good-looking; all the boys want to meet me. But after they do meet me, hardly any of them want to take me out or go with me regularly. Yet they tell other people that they are just crazy about me and think I am the nicest girl. And wherever they see me, they want to talk to me and treat me so nicely. But I do not let any boy think that I want to go with him. Is it because I show this too plainly that they are afraid to ask me for an appointment?

If a young man calls on one and brings one a box of candy, what is the proper thing to say, and when must one open the candy?

If a young man asks you for a date, what is the proper thing to say if you are willing for him to have one? I should appreciate it very much if you would answer this letter soon. Thank you very much.

ANXIOUS.

It sometimes happens that a young lady appears so attractive to a young man that he thinks he would not have the shadow of a chance for "so divine a being" to condescend to accept an invitation of his. It may be that the young men do not think of daring to assume you would go out with them. This thought is aided by your coldness of attitude and apparent indifference. Try to overcome this indifference. You are a little too proud, bless your heart, because you hate to have people think you're "after the boys." I think it might help if you tried to make out to yourself that every young man you meet

(Continued on Page 11.)

GOODYEAR RAINCOAT FREE

We will send a handsome Rainproofed, All-Weather Coat to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. Write today to The Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3118-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.—Adv.

A NEW OIL LAMP FREE

T. N. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Adv.

Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

By Jackson Gregory

BUD LEE, horse foreman of the Blue Lake Ranch, sat on the gate of the home corral, builded a cigarette with slow brown fingers, and stared across the broken fields of the upper valley to the rosy glow above the pine-timbered ridge where the sun was coming up. His customary gravity was unusually pronounced.

"If a man's got the hunch an egg is bad," he mused, "is that a real good and sufficient reason why he should go poking his finger inside the shell? I want to know!"

Tommy Burkitt, the youngest wage-earner of the outfit and a profound admirer of all that taciturnity, good-humor, and quick capability which went into the make-up of Bud Lee, approached from the ranch-house on the knoll. "Hi, Bud!" he called. "Trevors wants you. On the jump."

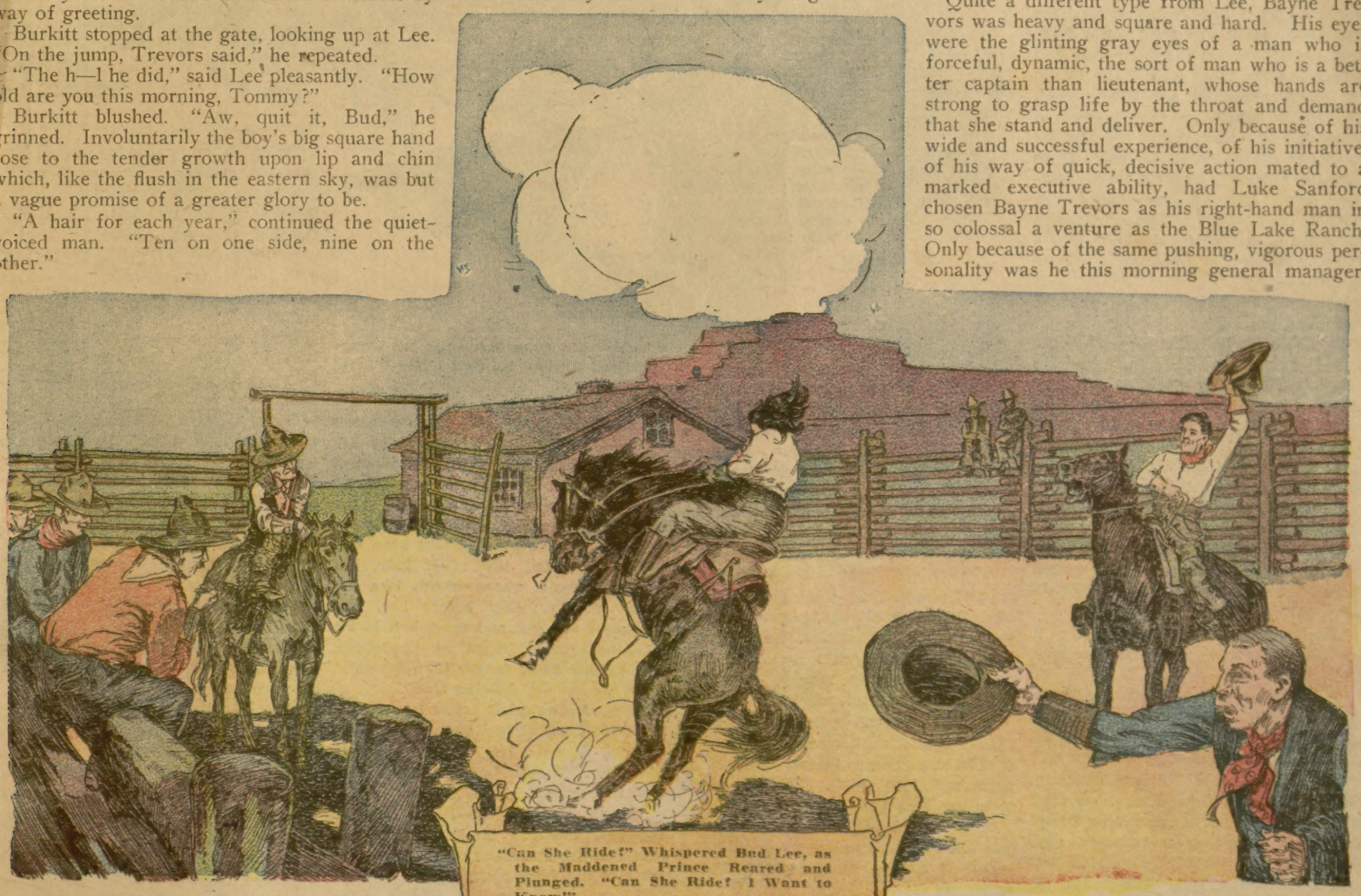
Lee watched Tommy coming on with that wide, rocking gait of a man used to much riding and little walking. The deep gravity in the foreman's eyes was touched with a little twinkle by way of greeting.

Burkitt stopped at the gate, looking up at Lee. "On the jump, Trevors said," he repeated.

"The h—l he did," said Lee pleasantly. "How old are you this morning, Tommy?"

Burkitt blushed. "Aw, quit it, Bud," he grinned. Involuntarily the boy's big square hand rose to the tender growth upon lip and chin which, like the flush in the eastern sky, was but a vague promise of a greater glory to be.

"A hair for each year," continued the quiet-voiced man. "Ten on one side, nine on the other."



"Can She Ride?" Whispered Bud Lee, as the Maddened Prince Reared and Plunged. "Can She Ride? I Want to Know!"

"Ain't you going to do what Trevors says?" demanded Tommy.

For a moment Lee sat still, his cigarette unlighted, his broad black hat far back upon his close-cropped hair, his eyes serenely contemplative upon the pink of the sky above the pines. Then he slipped from his place and, tho each single movement gave an impression of great leisureliness, it was but a flash of time until he stood beside Burkitt.

"Stick around a wee bit, laddie," he said gently, a lean brown hand resting lightly on the boy's square shoulder. "A man can't see what is on the cards until they're tipped, but it's always a fair gamble that between dawn and dusk I'll gather up my string of colts and crowd on. If I do, you'll want to come along?"

He smiled at young Burkitt's eagerness and turned away toward the ranch-house and Bayne Trevors, thus putting an early end to an enthusiastic acquiescence. Tommy watched the tall man moving swiftly away thru the brightening dawn.

"They ain't no more men ever foaled like him," meditated Tommy, in an approval so profound as to be little less than out-and-out devotion.

And, indeed, one might ride up and down the world for many a day and not find a man who was Bud Lee's superior in "the things that count." As tall as most, with sufficient shoulders, a slender body, narrow-hipped, he carried himself as perhaps his forebears walked in a day when open forests or sheltered caverns housed them, with a lithe gracefulness born of the perfect play of superb physical development. His muscles, even in the slightest movement, flowed liquidly; he had slipped from his place on the corral gate less like a man than like some great, splendid cat. The skin of hands, face, throat, was very dark, whether by inheritance or because of long exposure to sun and wind, it would have been difficult to say. The eyes were dark, very keen, and yet reminiscently grave. From under their black brows they had the habit of appearing to be reluctantly withdrawn from some great distance to come to rest, steady and calm, upon the man with whom he chanced to be speaking. Such are the serene, dispassionate eyes of one who for many months of the year goes companionless, save for what communion he may find in the silent passes of the mountains, in the wide sweep of the meadow-lands or in the soul of his horse.

The gaunt, sure-footed form was lost to Tommy's eyes; Lee had passed beyond the clump of wild lilacs whose glistening, heart-shaped leaves screened the open court about which the ranch-house was built. A strangely elaborate ranch-house, this one, set here so far apart from the world of rich residences. There was a score of rooms in the great, one-story, rambling edifice of rudely squared timbers set in field-stone and cement, rooms now closed and locked; there were flower gardens still cultivated daily by Jose, the half-breed; a pretty court with a fountain and many roses, out upon which a dozen doorways looked; wide verandas with glimpses beyond of fireplaces and long expanses of polished floor. For, until recently, this had been not only the headquarters of Blue Lake Ranch, but the home as well of the chief of its several owners. Luke Sanford, whose own efforts alone had made him at 45 a man to be reckoned with, had followed his fancy here extensively and expensively, allowing himself this one luxury of his many lean, hard years. Then, six months ago, just as his ambitions were stepping to fresh heights, just as his hands were filling with newer, greater endeavor, there had come the mishap in the mountains and Sanford's tragic death.

LEE passed silently thru the courtyard, by the fountain which in the brightening air was like a chain of silver run thru invisible hands, down the veranda bathed in the perfume of full-blown roses, and so came to the door at the far end. The door stood open; within was the office of Bayne Trevors, general manager. Lee entered, his hat still far back upon his head. The sound of his boots upon the bare floor caused Trevors to look up quickly.

"Hello, Lee," he said quietly. "Wait a minute, will you?"

Quite a different type from Lee, Bayne Trevors was heavy and square and hard. His eyes were the glinting gray eyes of a man who is forceful, dynamic, the sort of man who is a better captain than lieutenant, whose hands are strong to grasp life by the throat and demand that she stand and deliver. Only because of his wide and successful experience, of his initiative, of his way of quick, decisive action mated to a marked executive ability, had Luke Sanford chosen Bayne Trevors as his right-hand man in so colossal a venture as the Blue Lake Ranch. Only because of the same pushing, vigorous personality was he this morning general manager, with the unlimited authority of a dictator over a petty principality.

In a moment Trevors lifted his frowning eyes from the table, turning in his chair to confront Lee, who stood lounging in leisurely manner against the door-jamb.

"That young idiot wants money again," he growled, his voice as sharp and quick as his eyes. "As if I didn't have enough to contend with already!"

"Meaning young Hampton, I take it?" said Lee quietly.

Trevors nodded savagely.

"Telegram. Caught it over the line the last thing last night. We'll have to sell some horses this time, Lee."

Lee's eyes narrowed imperceptibly. "I didn't plan to do any selling for six months yet," he said, not in expostulation but merely in explanation. "They're not ready."

"How many 3-year-olds have you got in your string in Big Meadow?" asked Trevors crisply.

"Counting those eleven Red Duke colts?"

"Counting everything. How many?"

"Seventy-three."

The general manager's pencil wrote upon the pad in front of him "73," then swiftly multiplied it by 50. Lee saw the result, 3,650 set down

with the dollar sign in front of it. He said nothing.

"What would you say to fifty dollars a head for them?" asked Trevors, whirling again in his swivel-chair. "Three thousand six fifty for the bunch?"

"I'd say the same," answered Lee deliberately, "that I'd say to a man that offered me two bits for Daylight or Ladybird. I just naturally wouldn't say anything at all."

"Who are Daylight and Ladybird?" demanded Trevors.

"They're two of my little horses," said Lee gently, "that no man's got the money to buy."

Trevors smiled cynically. "What are the seventy-three colts worth then?"

"Right now, when I'm just ready to break 'em in," said Bud Lee thoughtfully, "the worst of that string is worth fifty dollars. I'd say twenty of the herd ought to bring fifty dollars a head; twenty more ought to bring sixty; ten are worth seventy-five; ten are worth an even hundred; seven of the Red Duke stock are good for a hundred and a quarter; the other four Red Dukes and the three Robert the Devils are worth a hundred and fifty a head. The whole bunch, an easy fifty-seven hundred little iron men. Which," he continued dryly, "is considerable more than the thirty-six hundred you're talking about. And, give me six months, and I'll boost that fifty-seven hundred. Lord, man, that chestnut out of Black Babe by Hazard, is a real horse! Fifty dollars——"

He stared hard at Trevors a moment. And then, partially voicing the thought with which he had grappled upon the corral gate, he added meditatively: "There's something almighty peculiar about an outfit that will listen to a man offer fifty bucks on a string like that."

His eyes, cool and steady, met Trevors' in a long look which was little short of a challenge.

"Just how far does that go, Lee?" asked the manager curtly.

"As far as you like," replied the horse foreman coolly. "Are you going to sell those three-year-olds for thirty-six hundred?"

"Yes," answered Trevors bluntly, "I am. What are you going to do about it?"

"Ask for my time, I guess," and altho his voice was gentle and even pleasant, his eyes were hard. "I'll take my own little string and move on."

"Curse it!" cried Trevors heatedly. "What difference does it make to you? What business is it of yours how I sell? You draw down your monthly pay, don't you? I raised you a notch last month without your asking for it, didn't I?"

"That's so," agreed the foreman equably. "It's a cinch none of the boys have any kick coming at the wages."

For a moment Trevors sat frowning up at Lee's inscrutable face. Then he laughed shortly. "Look here, Bud," he said good-humoredly, an obvious seriousness of purpose under the light tone. "I want to talk with you before you do anything rash. Sit down." But Lee remained standing, merely saying, "Shoot."

"I wonder," explained Trevors, "if the boys understand just the size of the job I've got in my hands? You know that the ranch is a million-dollar outfit; you know that you can ride fifteen miles without getting off the home-range; you know that we are doing a dozen different kinds of farming and stock-raising. But you don't know just how short the money is! There's that young idiot now, Hampton. He holds a third interest and I've got to consider what he says, even if he is a weak-minded, inbred pup that can't do anything but spend an inheritance like the born fool he is. His share is mortgaged; I've tried to pay the mortgage off. I've got to keep the interest up. Interest alone amounts to three thousand dollars a year. Think of that! Then there's Luke Sanford dead and his one-third interest left to another young fool, a girl!"

Trevors' fist came smashing down upon his table. "A girl!" he repeated savagely. "Worse than young Hampton, by Heaven! Every two weeks she's writing for a report, eternally butting in, making suggestions, hampering me until I'm sick of the job."

"That would be Luke's girl, Judith?"

"Yes. Two of the three owners' kids, writing me at every turn. And the third owner, Timothy Gray, the only sensible one of the lot, has just up and sold out his share, and I suppose I'll be hearing next that some superannuated female in an old lady's home has inherited a fortune and bought him out. Why, do you think I'd hold on to my job here for ten minutes if it wasn't that my reputation is in making a go of the thing? And now you, the best man I've got, throw me down!"

"I don't see," said Lee slowly, after a brief pause, "just what good it does to sell a string of real horses like they were sheep. Half of that herd is real horse-flesh, I tell you."

"Hampton wants money. And besides, a horse is a horse."

"Is it?" A hard smile touched Lee's lips. "That's just where a man makes a mistake. Some horses are cows, some are clean spirit. You can stake your boots on that, Trevors."

"Well," snapped Trevors, "suppose you are right. I've got to raise three thousand dollars in a hurry. Where will I get it?"

"Who is offering fifty dollars a head for those horses?" asked Lee abruptly. "It might be the Big Western Lumber Company?"

"Yes."

"Uh-huh. Well, you can kill the rats in your own barn, Trevors. I'll go look for a job somewhere else."

Bayne Trevors, his lips tightly compressed, his eyes steady, a faint, angry flush in his cheeks, checked what words were flowing to his tongue and looked keenly at his foreman. Then, just as Trevors was about to speak, there came an interruption.

"You've Got Your Rope on the Right Pair of Horns," He Said After a Brief Pause.

CHAPTER II.

JUDITH TAKES A HAND.

THE quiet of the morning was broken by the quick loud thud of a horse's shod hoofs on the hard ground of the courtyard. Bud Lee in the doorway turned to see a strange horse drawn up so that upon its four bunched hoofs it slid to a standstill; saw a slender figure, which in the early light he mistook for a boy, slip out of the saddle. And then, suddenly, a girl, the spurs of her little riding-boots making jingling music on the veranda, her riding-quirt swinging from her wrist, had stepped by him and was looking with bright, snapping eyes from him to Trevors.

"I am Judith Sanford," she announced briefly, and there was a note in her young voice which went ringing, bell-like, thru the still air. "Is one of you men Bayne Trevors?"

A quick, shadowy smile came and went upon the lips of Bud Lee. It struck him that she might have said in just that way: "I am the Queen of England and I am running my own kingdom!" He looked at her with eyes filled with open interest and curiosity, making swift appraisal of the flush in the sun-browned cheeks, the confusion of dark, curling hair disturbed by her furious riding, the vivid, red-blooded beauty of her. Mouth and eyes and the very carriage of the dark head upon her superb white throat announced boldly and triumphantly that here was no wax-petalled lily of a lady, but rather a maid whose blood, like the blood of the father before her, was turbulent and hot and must boil like a wild mountain stream at opposition. Her eyes, a little darker than Trevors', were the eyes of fighting stock.

Trevors, irritated already, turned hard eyes up at her from under corrugated brows. He did not move in his chair. Nor did Lee stir except that now he removed his hat.

"I am Trevors," said the general manager curtly. "And, whether you are Judith Sanford or the Queen of Siam, I am busy right now."

"He got the queen idea, too!" was the quick thought back of Bud Lee's fading smile.

"You talk soft with me, Trevors!" cried the girl passionately, "if you want to hold your job five minutes! I'll tolerate none of your high and mighty airs!"

Trevors laughed at her, a sneer in his laugh. "I talk the way I talk," he answered roughly. "If people don't like the sound of it they don't have to listen! Lee, you round up those seventy-three horses and crowd them over the ridge to the lumber-camp. Or, if you want to quit, quit now and I'll send a sane man."

The hot color mounted higher in the girl's face, a new anger leaped up in her eyes.

"Take no orders this morning that I don't give," she said, for a moment turning her eyes upon Lee. And to Trevors: "Busy or not busy, you take time right now to answer my questions. I've got your reports and all they tell me is that you are going in the hole as fast as you can. You are spending thousands of dollars needlessly. What business have you got selling off my young steers at a sacrifice? What in the name of folly did you build those three miles of fence for?"

"Go get those horses, Lee," said Trevors, ignoring her.

Again she spoke to Lee, saying crisply: "What horses is he talking about?"

With his deep gravity at its deepest, Bud Lee answered: "All L-S stock. The eleven Red Duke three-year-olds; the two Robert the Devil colts; Brown Babe's filly, Comet——"

"All mine, every running hoof of 'em," she said, cutting in. "What does Trevors want you to do with them? Give them away for ten dollars a head or cut their throats?"

"Look here——" cried Trevors angrily, on his feet now.

"You shut up!" commanded the girl sharply. "Lee, you answer me."

"He's selling them fifty dollars a head," he said with a secret joy in his heart as he glanced at Trevors' flushed face.

"Fifty dollars!" Judith gasped. "Fifty dollars for a Red Duke colt like Comet!"

She stared at Lee as tho she could not believe it. He merely stared back at her, wondering just how much she knew about horse-flesh.

Then, suddenly, she whirled again upon Trevors.

"I came out to see if you were a crook or just a fool," she told him, her words like a slap in his face. "No man could be so big a fool as that! You—you crook!"

The muscles under Bayne Trevors' jaws corded. "You've said about enough," he shot back at her. "And even if you do own a third of this outfit, I'll have you understand that I am the manager here and that I do what I like."

From her bosom she snatched a big envelope, tossing it to the table. "Look at that," she ordered him. "You big thief! I've mortgaged my holding for fifty thousand dollars and I've bought in Timothy Gray's share. I swing two votes out of three now, Bayne Trevors. And the first thing I do is run you out, you great big grafting fathead! You would chuck Luke Sanford's outfit to the dogs, would you? Get off the ranch. You're fired!"

"You can't do a thing like this!" snapped Trevors, after one swift glance at the papers he had whisked out of their covering.

"I can't, can't I?" she jeered at him. "Don't you fool yourself for one little minute! Pack your little trunk and hammer the trail."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Why, I don't know even who you are! You say that you are Judith Sanford." He shrugged his massive shoulders. "How do I know what game you are up to? Wayward maidens," and in his rage he sneered at her evilly, "have been known before to lie like other people!"

"You can't bluff me for two seconds,

(Continued on Page 15.)

The Executioner Dog

By A. de Ford Pitney

"GEORGE, I have brought you a bowl of custard. Here it is in this napkin."

"Bless you, Mariana."

"Two days more, George."

"Two days, Mariana." The man's voice was deep and steady.

"You will get a special dinner tomorrow night, George. There is hope still. You must eat it all, George. Eat everything. Remember."

"You bet I will. I don't have anything to think of here, behind these bars, except my meals and——"

"Hush, George. Oh——"

"Miss Mariana. Miss Mariana. Quick. Slip out this way. Here comes your father on his rounds."

It was the death watch whispering anxiously. A white face pressed against the cruel bars one instant and then the girl's skirt vanished in the shadow of the gloomy corridor of condemned cells.

* * * * * * * *

I was a trusty in the Buckhorn penitentiary at the time of the plot to save the life of George Brouwer. No one can tell as much as I can about the attempts to prevent his execution. Brouwer was convicted of having killed a sheep-herder. The evidence was circumstantial merely, but Brouwer was a cattleman, and everything indicated that most likely he did it.

Brouwer was a popular man, highly respected by everybody. He was tall, and very handsome, with long hair that he tossed back from his forehead, and a silky, long mustache. To tell the truth, he looked like a man that would kill a sheep-herder as soon as he would a prairie dog.

Mariana Pride, the warden's daughter, had been in love with Brouwer ever since he was confined in the penitentiary. Mrs. Pride favored Brouwer. The prison guards would have done anything for the two women, short of letting George escape. From the first the ladies had only one idea, and that was to enable George in some manner to gain his liberty. Captain Pride was the hopeless obstacle in the way. Discipline and order were the captain's twin idols. He was a humane man, too, always thinking up ways to minimize brutality; but to him a condemned man was a dead man, and there was no way out of it unless the law said so. Captain Pride liked Brouwer, and often talked to him, but there was no hope he would relax his vigilance in George's favor.

Almost before Miss Mariana was out of the corridor the captain came along. He stopped by the cell door.

"Well, George," he says, "how goes it?"

"About the same, captain," says George. He got up and came to the bars and they shook hands. "About the same. How are you feeling these days."

"I wouldn't be surprised if we had a break in the weather," says the captain. "Probably it will rain next week. That'll make the valleys look pretty. They always bloom out after a rain. Have you decided how you want to die, tomorrow, George?"

"H-m." George hesitated. "If I had my own way I'd be shot, but I've been considering. I believe it would be less painful to my friends if I went by the poison route."

"That'll be it, then?"

"Yes. Let her go at that."

"All right, George! Sleep well."

"Good night, captain. I guess I'll turn in."

The reason George said what he did was because Miss Mariana told him to, and this, like everything else she did at this time, was part of a plan she and her mother had ribbed up to get Brouwer out alive.

The plan they made was possible, owing to the State law about executions. The Legislature one time figured it out that it would make executions a little easier if they gave the condemned a choice of being hanged or shot or taking a dose of quick poison. The law was considered humane, especially by people that was outside of the penitentiary. But any one that has ever seen the struggles of a woman trying to make up her mind which kind of a dress to buy ought to have witnessed the agonies of indecision of some of them condemned men trying to decide which way to be killed. As soon as a man elected to take one style it seemed like the other styles would begin to appeal to him.

AFTER leaving George, Miss Mariana returned to the warden's quarters and found her mother waiting for her.

"Is it all right, daughter?" asked Mrs. Pride eagerly.

"Yes, mother. He will choose poison. I didn't have time to tell him how he would get it, because father was coming. But I told him to eat everything tomorrow night."

"That's well." Mrs. Pride gave a big sigh. "Dr. Slicer will prepare the cherry, and he will make no trouble about the death certificate. In two days, dear, George will be in Mexico, safe and sound."

"Ah, but the strain of those two days."

"Courage, child."

Mrs. Pride had planned to substitute for the death drop a preserved cherry that was to be drugged with something that would lay George out apparently dead for twelve hours and his friends would take the body.

I was the one that carried up the tray the next day. The captain was out for a horseback ride. He hated a poison execution. If a man was to be shot he took a professional interest in it, but if a convict took poison, the captain went for a ride. Mrs. Pride was on watch with a duplicate cocktail glass. She took the one with the poisoned cherry and threw the stuff in the stove and put her own glass with the doped cherry on the tray. Of course no one knowed about this but the two women and me, except the doctor, naturally.

George was pleased when he seen me coming with the tray. He didn't know it was scheduled to be his last meal. It was the captain's rule that a condemned man should be made to miss a day out of his calendar, and then he would take the poison, if he selected that way, without knowing anything about it.

"Great Scott," says Brouwer, "what are you trying to do in this jail, starve a man to death? Here's my dinner fifteen minutes late again. Hurry up. Sift along with that tray."

George was so popular with the guards that they left the cell door open during his meals so he would have more light and wouldn't feel cramped. He gave a look over the tray.

"Chicken and dumplings," he says. "Fried sweet potatoes. Custard pie. Cheese. Strawberries. This is quite a spread. Draw up, Bill, and eat with me."

The guard almost fell against the wall.

"N-no, t-thank you, George," he says. "I don't believe I will. I ain't hungry."

"Shucks," says George. "You're always hungry. You've often et with me. Don't get the swelled head now. Sit in."

"No, no, George. I ain't got the swelled head. I just ain't got no appetite today, somehow." George gave him a sad, stern look.

"I see how it is," he said mournfully. "You are too proud to eat any more with a condemned man. All right, I'll eat by myself."

The guards watched George in fascination as he went into the food. He cleaned up the chicken and potatoes and dumplings, and begun on the pie and cheese. When they was gone he ate the strawberries. He certainly did clear the platter.

"Ain't you going to drink your cocktail, George?" I asked.

"No." Brouwer shook his head. "When a man is going over the divide as soon as I am I think it's the proper thing for him to abstain from liquor. You drink it, Dave."

"Lordy, no," gasps Dave. "I quit drinking. I don't take nothing." Dave was white as a sheet, but George didn't notice it.

When I took the tray back with the cocktail on it I thought Miss Mariana would faint. Mrs. Pride eased her into her room. She was in a bad state herself, but she was game, Mrs. Pride was. I could hear her in Miss Mariana's room encouraging her.

The warden didn't show up in his private quarters until just before supper. He was peppery and quick and full of business, the way he always was when he had important affairs on hand.

"I know all about it," he says impatiently when the madam tried to ask him what would be done about Brouwer. "I've been talking with the Attorney General on the long-distance telephone. The matter will be attended to tomorrow instead of today."

"Have you seen Mr. Brouwer?"

"Certainly."

"How did he act?"

"Mortified, naturally. He said he was sorry to give so much trouble. Tomorrow, he says, he will be shot, so there won't be no mistake again. He's a mighty fine young fellow, George Brouwer is. I wish there was more like him in this State. Have the afternoon papers come? I haven't had a chance to look at the news all day."

"Have you named the firing squad?"

"No. I'm going to do that after supper."

There was an hour before supper time, and in that period Mrs. Pride succeeded in swearing every guard that was eligible by law to go on the firing squad that he wouldn't shoot George Brouwer. Miss Mariana would have helped, but she wasn't able to leave her room. But the old lady was equal to it. I wouldn't ask to have no more energetic or brainy person working for me if I was a condemned convict.

IN OUR prison a man that was to be shot was put in a chair in an enclosed place about fifty feet long walled off from one end of the exercise yard. The firing party shoved their guns thru a long slot in a gate and aimed at a piece of paper pinned over the man's heart. One of the guards always had his gun loaded with a blank cartridge, but they didn't know which one. Another kind-hearted feature of the law was that no guard could be compelled to go on the execution squad. George was so popular with everybody that Mrs. Pride didn't have no trouble in secretly swearing every one of the men that they wouldn't go in no squad to shoot him. Her and Miss Mariana was feeling pretty good when they come to the table.

"That will give us another day," I heard her whisper to Miss Mariana, "We'll have it switched back to poison, and there will be no mistake again about his failing to eat the cherry."

Warden Pride came in just then and sat down. I was in the kitchen along with Arbutus, the old colored cook. I had light work around the warden's quarters because of my wooden leg. I could see the captain had something on his mind. He looked at the roast beef and felt the edge of the carving knife.

"I've been worrying about this business tomorrow," he says at last. "I never liked the method. I never thought it was right that a man should be at the mercy of the wobbly aim of a lot of volunteers. I've looked up the law and I find I'm at liberty to make changes, and I've thought of a better way. What will you have, mother, a rare piece or a slice off the outside?"

"Oh, anything. Any piece. Tell me what you have planned, Elfonzo."

"It's perfectly simple," says the captain. "One shot in the right place is as good as five. I had the carpenter go to work this afternoon and build me a solid framework, and I've got an old-fashioned 45-90 in the frame and aimed right at the condemned chair. It carries a slug that's guaranteed to knock out a grizzly bear, and if a man gets that in his works I bet you he won't be buried alive."

"Quiet, dear. Quiet. Not a man will pull the trigger," I heard Mrs. Pride breathe into Mariana's ear. "Then you will not need five men in the firing squad as usual," she said to the warden. "One will be sufficient."

"The trigger will not be pulled by any human agency," replied the captain. "That's the best part of the whole thing."

"Mariana, child, if you still feel your headache you'd better go to your room," said Mrs. Pride. "Tell me more about it, Elfonzo. I'm extremely interested."

Well, then the warden began to tell her all about it. He was pleased and proud of his invention, and went into details about how the condemned would be led in and strapped in the chair, and how the chaplain would talk to him and kid him along so he wouldn't know how the time was goin', and all of a sudden, bang! goes the cannon in the frame. The captain told all about the effect of a big lead bullet. It didn't sneak thru a person like a steel-jacketed 30-30, but landed solid, like a wagonload of stone backing into a stump, and simply jarred a person's light out. Mrs. Pride gritted her teeth and stood for it, but I guess if Miss Mariana had been there she would have given herself away.

At the end the warden explained his scheme to have the trigger pulled. He said he was going to have a string from it to the collar of their old yellow hound Carlotta. Carlotta always lay in a certain place in the yard waiting for the noon whistle, and as soon as it sounded she would streak for the kitchen for Arbutus to give her a pan of scraps. When the warden mentioned Carlotta, I could see the madam's eyebrows move, and I knew she was already working on an idea.

"Just Now I Discovered That Some Infernal Idiot Had Taken This Opportunity to Give That Hound a Feed."

"Don't fret, dear," she told Miss Mariana, when the warden went down to his office to read the papers. "I won't do anything to the hound tonight, but tomorrow, after breakfast, I'll give her a meal with one of those drugged cherries cut up in it, and she'll be the same as a dead dog." Miss Mariana was quiet for a while, but she had a terrible attack of hysterics in the night. However, a girl can always get by with anything by saying she's got a sick headache.

In the morning the warden was up early, and stamping around irritable and nervous the way he always was on a day when there was an execution. When

breakfast was over he told the madam and Miss Mariana to put their hats on and go down to the summer cottage, which was about half a mile away.

"You might as well be getting the place ready," he said. "I don't want you here during this business today. Look at that child," he says to Mrs. Pride. "She's white as a sheet and ready to fall over. This prison ain't any place for her on a day like this. Don't agitate yourself, daughter," he says, putting his arm around Miss Mariana. "Be calm. Your father has these terrible things to do, but they are his sworn duty, and you need have no fear that he will falter."

When Captain Pride said to do a thing, the only thing was to do it. They had to go. But Mrs. Pride made a business of packing up some things in a bag that took some time, and it gave us a chance for me to sneak Miss Mariana up to say good-by to George, and to tell him that it was fixed so they hoped he wouldn't be shot.

George was terribly disgusted with himself when he heard about how he had messed up the game by not eating the cherry.

"You bet if I get another chance like that I won't refuse the drink," he says. "You bet not. But I ain't afraid. No matter how things go today, I ain't afraid, Mariana. And no matter how it comes out, my last breath, whether it's at noon today or a hundred years from now, will be drawn in gratitude to you."

We came away leaving George looking at us melancholy thru his bars. Mariana turned at the stairway for a last glimpse of his tall form and his beautiful long hair and silky mustache.

"Something tells me I shall never see him again," she murmured low to herself. "We shall fail again. Farewell, George." She broke down in terrible crying, and I almost had to carry her to her mother. Before they left, Mrs. Pride fixed the dish of food for Carlotta, and told Arbutus to give it to her about 10 o'clock. Arbutus would have laid down and died for the madam.

I went down to the summer cottage with them and worked, laying matting and unpacking dishes. Miss Mariana went into her own room, and I could hear her sobbing in there so her bed shook. Along about half-past 10 here come Arbutus' head handkerchief bobbing down the road. Mrs. Pride was sitting in a rocker where she could watch the clock, and pretending to read with a book upside down in her lap. Both her and Miss Mariana grabbed Arbutus as soon as she got to the porch.

"Did you feed her, Arbutus? Did she eat the whole dish full?"

"'Deed, ma'am, that's what I come to tell you. I ain't never had no chance. It seems like the cap'n never tuck'n his eye off'n that houn'. I come down to tell you that you-all better see after feedin' the beast yo'se'f. Po' Marse George. It look like everything was against him."

Miss Mariana sunk down on the steps, and Arbutus sat down on the horse block and put her apron over her head. Mrs. Pride stood up straight as an arrow.

"This is no time for weeping," she declared. "I shall feed that dog myself, and no one shall stop me." She was off in a minute. Arbutus and me got Miss Mariana into the house, and in no time at all her mother was back, all red and hot, but satisfied that everything was all right. "I did it," she said. "I gave the animal the platter and she threw herself on it like a starved coyote. I couldn't stop to see her eat it," she says, fanning herself with her bonnet. "I didn't want your father to see me and possibly suspect something. I think we need have no further anxiety today."

There wasn't nothing to do then but wait and watch the clock. There ain't nothing harder to do. The clock hands don't move at all. You look at them and look away a long time and look back and the clock hands haven't stirred. In about half a lifetime it got to be half-past 11 and we were all of us sweating and pretty near dead with misery when a man came galloping up on a horse. It was the warden. He was nervous and wretched like the rest of us, I suppose, and he came down to see if the family was all right, just to kill time. The warden went thru the rooms, and then stood on the porch a minute before he started back.

"I can't bear to think of anything going wrong on an occasion like this," he says to Mrs. Pride. "And it just seems that such a time is the very crisis when, if there is a chance for anything to go wrong, it will do it. I can't keep my eye on every little thing myself, and as soon as I turn my back somebody is certain to make some brainless mistake to spoil all my plans. What do you think? Just now I discovered that some infernal idiot had taken this opportunity to give that hound a feed. I got there just in time. She had only taken one bite. I

(Continued on Page 18.)

Whetting the Appetite—No. 10.

A Series of Ten Instructive Pictures

Banana Salad

REMOVE one section of skin from each of six bananas. Take out the fruit, scrape, and cut the fruit from two bananas in thin slices, and cut the remaining bananas in cubes. Mix the fruit with mayonnaise dressing. Refill the banana skins; place a banana on a bed of lettuce, turn the cut section of skin back under the banana or remove it entirely. Garnish the dish with three large preserved cherries.

Boiled Salad Dressing.

1 teaspoon mustard
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons sugar
Few grains cayenne
1½ tablespoons flour
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon melted butter
¾ cup milk
¼ cup vinegar

Mix together the teaspoon of mustard, one-third teaspoon salt, one and one-half tablespoons sugar, few grains of cayenne pepper, and one and one-half tablespoons of flour. Beat the yolks of eggs slightly, not to a froth, but just enough to make it possible to mix them easily with the other ingredients, and then add them to the butter which has been melted, the milk and the vinegar. Add the vinegar slowly and carefully and beat constantly while doing so in order to prevent the milk from curdling. Cook the mixture in a double boiler or if you have not a double boiler, set the dish in another dish containing boiling water and cook it over this. Cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Strain, and allow to cool before adding to salad mixture. Sour cream may be used in place of the milk and part of the vinegar and it makes a delicious dressing.

In Which the Lone Tribe on the Algerian Desert Prepares to Recapture Its Lost Queen.

Welding the Black Menace

By Augustin W. Breeden

A Summary of the Preceding Installment

HOBSON AND DAWKINS, whom Harold had sent to Marseilles for airplanes, were considerably overdue at El Jamil. A young French civil engineer,

ALCIBIADES TRAJEAN, rigged up a radio receiving station at El Jamil, and was getting news from Marseilles, Paris and London. In time he began to receive cipher messages, the words of which had no sense whatever. Trajean figured that the messages came from somewhere in the desert. Dr. Rhook was able to translate one of the coded messages. The dervishes, he said, were everywhere preaching the Holy war. One dervish was performing "miracles"—eating fire, making natives kneel and writhe at command, and producing strange lights by means of a small electric battery concealed under his cloak. No doubt he was a tool of Von Keller.

When the fakir arrived at El Jamil, Mortimer and Trajean were about to stage a little proselyting show of their own, with a dictagraph record on a powerful-horn phonograph. The record branded the dervish "miracle man" as a false prophet. He could only prove his genuineness by holding two metal scrolls—each containing a book of the Koran—and survive the ordeal. He gladly accepted the test. There was a flame of electric fire and with the cry of "Allah!" the victim fell to the sands, never to rise again. The demonstration had the desired effect on the tribe of El Jamil. There would be no Holy war from their source. All agreed to obey the Frank, their white rulers.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, Nina Mortimer and Julia Wentworth sailed from New York for Paris. Some days after their arrival there they were being carried from Constantine across the Sahara to El Jamil in a great triplane. They were being pursued by two smaller planes when they were caught in a simoon and forced to land, when from out the flying sand clouds there appeared a big man, barefooted, hatless, coatless, his face covered with blood, but even in this disguise Nina recognized her most ardent suitor, Big Dan McDonough. There was a terrible battle raging, he said, and Harold Mortimer was still in it.

This story began in No. 38, the Ledger for Sept. 23. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

"Harold, as Dr. Rhook Tells You, It Is Sheer Madness to Try to Go in Pursuit of Von Keller Now. Not Only You, but Your Whole Army, Will Be Lost. Wait Till the Storm Abates."

CHAPTER XIII.

AS THE little party was passing thru the flying clouds of sand, led by McDonough, Julia Wentworth was making use of her eyes to the fullest. With each lull of the wind, which permitted a momentary view of the immediate surroundings, she looked all about her to see what she could see. She saw the tribesmen running hither and thither as if in the wildest excitement. Their shouts and prayers and lamentations made a very bedlam of the place. And they were worse, infinitely worse than those horrible Parisian redcaps. The girl gave a shudder as she thought that it was among these people that her fiance had come to live voluntarily.

Then as she and the party sped on she saw a sight indeed. It was Harold Mortimer. Except for the blood he was in a worse plight than McDonough. He was rushing here and there like a madman, shouting at the very top of his voice in a tongue that sounded like nothing she had ever heard in all her life. A half-hundred men were gathered around an airplane, trying to hold it to the ground and, or so it seemed, trying at the same time to make it secure against the wind; and these men he seemed to be directing.

They were swarming over the machine, passing ropes over the top of the sails and pegging them to the ground; tying ropes to various points of contact about the machine and staking it down; while with every gust of wind it looked as if the sails would be torn from the framework.

As she gazed and listened in a sort of horror, she saw that Mortimer was not only directing this immediate task, but was engaged constantly with messengers who came and went, in touch, apparently, with some military organization. A one-legged native horseman would ride up, ask a question in a high-pitched, loud voice, and Mortimer would shout a reply.

"What on earth are they about?" she asked McDonough, who was between her and Nina in the line, and whose blood had already soaked thru her sleeve and wet her arm.

"Organizing an expedition to go and try to rescue the Lady Khorassen," answered McDonough. "I have tried to point out to Harry that it's mere madness in the face of this simoon, but so far my words have had no effect. He is entirely beside himself."

"You—you must not permit him to go," said Julia. "How can he direct troops when he's so excited——" She broke off in an effort to smother her tears.

"Miss Julia," said Dan, "I will do absolutely everything I can to prevent any one's leaving camp while the simoon is blowing—please be assured that I will do absolutely everything I can."

The party was by this time entering the scant shelter of the little oasis, and five minutes later the ladies and Mr. Mortimer were housed in Harold's tent, while at McDonough's command the distracted servants of Lady Khorassen's household were doing all they could to make the tent sand proof and the inmates comfortable.

But to reach the tent the party had passed over a portion of the ground where the native troops had fought with French repeating rifles against the two machine gunners of Von Keller's airplane earlier in the afternoon. In the excitement the dead had been left unmoved upon the sand, and Julia was now haunted with the sight of a dozen stark and grewsome figures. No one of the party had made an outcry or spoken a word about this as they passed, and now in the privacy of their tent they still refrained from speaking of it.

Mortimer, Sr., puffed a great deal and complained a great deal of his back, and the two young women asked Mrs. Mortimer solicitously about her sprained ankle, but outside of that nothing was said. With the exception of the servants, who came and went from time to time on some mission connected with their comfort, they were left entirely alone. One and all understood that McDonough had gone to try still further to reason with Harold. What had become of the two French pilots no one knew. No doubt they had been rushed into service in some way by the military organization of the tribe.

The place seemed uncannily lonely to Julia as she sat there with the silent Mortimers. Outside the tent the wind howled and whistled. Inside the heat became almost unbearable, and around the richly carved hanging lamp the fine dust made a faint halo. It was like trying to breath in an atmosphere full of very fine ashes or lime. Julia was choking with thirst when two servants came in with tea things and began to serve cold tea as a forerunner of the first course of dinner.

That dinner was a surprise to the party. The taste of the guests had evidently been considered, for the things that were served were such as might have been had in Marseilles or Paris—from a supply which Lady Khorassen had laid in for Mortimer and McDonough—and they were cooked rather in the Parisian than in the Algerian style. But as one might guess, very little of the food was eaten. But the guests drank and drank of the excellent tea; for the simoon gives a European or an American an insatiable thirst.

It was during the dinner that Nina called Julia's attention to the rich furnishings of their tent. The floor was

laid with rugs that would have made a New York art connoisseur sick with envy. The inside walls were hung with thick damask curtains of priceless value. The dinner service was of the heaviest silver, and the cups and platters were lined with gold. The divans on which they lay or sat were of beaten bronze and upholstered in the richest velvet, and the little tables from which they ate individually were or silver filigree work.

"I wonder if we are in the royal tent, the tent of Lady Khorassen?" said Nina, who was still so young as to make unwise speeches at times.

"No," replied the father between groans. "This is the tent formerly occupied by Harold and Dan, so Dan told me. The royal apartments are some hundred or two yards away."

Julia was smitten with a sudden faintness. This then was the tent the heathen woman had furnished for Harold's comfort, and she had plainly brought out these European dainties for his palate. She was smothering now from another cause besides the heat and the fine dust in the air. When Nina began a second speech about their surroundings Mrs. Mortimer threw her a warning look and she subsided.

After dinner a man-servant, always avoiding to look directly at the unveiled ladies, showed Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer into a partitioned-off part of the tent and told them in perfectly good French that this would be their sleeping apartment. He had two of his assistants place two great bronze bowls of water in the apartment, laid snowy towels and fine linen pajamas close by with the remark that they would be cooler when they had had a bath and a change. Then he did the same thing for the two young women, and then showed Mrs. Mortimer a chest of fine linen sheets and instructed her how to make fairly comfortable beds of the divans.

"How long will the sand storm probably keep going?" asked Mr. Mortimer of him.

"Ah, who can say," he replied. "Sometimes simoon is over in forty-eight hours; sometimes it lasts for days."

"And will the expedition put forth in spite of the simoon?"

"Ah, who can say? The Ibn ben Mortimer seems determined to go forth; the Ibn ben McDonough and the Ibn ben Sifert are equally determined that the expedition shall not go forth till simoon abates."

"Who is this man that has carried away the Lady Khorassen?"

"It is a Frank, a Boche, as we believe, one Von Keller, who formerly knew her when she lived in the suburbs of Paris."

"Don't question him further, papa," put in Mrs. Mortimer at this moment, "the young ladies are listening."

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer made all hustle to get into cooler clothing, and so also did Nina, but altho they had left their handbags when they escaped from the airplane, Julia ignored the fine things laid out for her comfort. Nina saw her throw her eyes upon the cool pajamas with a look of scorn, and she was too wise to say anything. The proud young woman lay down partly dressed. She had looked more or less consciously for some trace of Harold Mortimer in the tent where he had once lived, but had seen none—this for the reason that following that interview with Lady Khorassen at the fountain the young man had removed all his belongings to his little dog tent on the engineering job some miles away.

As she lay on her divan she listened to the howling of the simoon and strained her ears always for the sound of firing or for some footfall that might approach the tent. Did she expect that Harold Mortimer would come near her tent during the night? Perhaps. Anyway, she listened for his voice, but the oasis was quiet. There was noise and hubbub enough in the villages below that night, but the wind drowned the sound, and so she was spared all that. During the night men came and went, picking up the dead, and taking them away for burial, but they did so noiselessly, and she heard nothing of it all.

And as she lay there her mind went over and over again her horrible experience since the hour of that luncheon in Paris when she had secured the translation of Lady Khorassen's letter, and at last her pride rose up again as it had risen during that first hour of her suffering. Here she was, the unwilling guest of the savage woman for whom her bethrothed had thrown her over. That he had done this was bad enough, but he had done worse, he had deceived her. For years it had been his custom to write her one or two letters a month, and during the past three months his letters to her containing always immaterial matter, had always born European postmarks. This was worse than telling her a lie, it was acting out a lie with consummate skill. And she had been weak enough to follow him into the desert.

She wished in her heart that the airplane she had come in had wrecked before they landed, and that she, but not the others, had been killed. She contrasted her lot with that of Nina, and McDonough's fine action in coming wounded and disheveled to Nina with the cavalier treatment her betrothed had accorded her. And here she was lying in his very tent, possibly on his very divan. But she had not donned those horrible pajamas, doubtless the property of the woman who had supplanted her, since they were too fine and dainty to belong to any maid. But this situation was impossible. She had eaten this other woman's food; she would eat of it no more. From wishing that the plane had wrecked just enough to kill her but to injure none of the others, the happy ones, she began to see how easily it could be brought about that she should rid Harold Mortimer of her hateful presence and show the Mortimers all that she still had the Wentworth pride.

She had read of whole armies caught in the simoon and exterminated by sand and thirst. The storm was still howling in its initial fury. What could be easier than that she should slip out into it in the night, walk away across the desert with her back to the wind and so be lost. Perhaps the very sand would bury her where she fell and her very body would never be found. She had already seen it drifting in snowlike heaps above any obstruction it found in its path. It was settled; she would do this thing.

As she reached this conclusion she raised up and tried by the dim light in the tent to see if Nina were sleeping soundly. Then she heard a low, half-stifled sob and knew that Nina was awake. Her self-pity suddenly changed to pity for another. She got up and went to comfort the girl she had always loved like a sister.

"What are you crying about, deary?" she asked as she put her arms about Nina.

"Oh, it is all such a nightmare," sobbed Nina. The child was really weeping for her, but she had too much sense to tell her so. Her thoughts had been running parallel with those of Julia, contrasting the treatment of Dan with that of Harold. Dear old Dan had resisted the charm of these heathen women, why, then, had Harold not been able to do the same thing? She feared for Dan's safety, but comforted herself that if he died now, he would be doing it in a noble cause, but not so with her brother. He was about to go into the desert like a madman, probably to die the death of a madman. It was all too horrible, and her sobs broke forth—for Julia.

The two girls talked like sisters for an hour, and Mrs. Mortimer, who had likewise not slept a wink, came in and they all three talked for an hour longer. Then youth asserted its right, and Nina fell asleep in Julia's arms, and Julia laid her gently down and fixed the cushions lovingly under her head, and the two slipped away.

And presently all the tent seemed quiet within, tho the storm still raged outside. And then Julia Wentworth arose and dressed herself and put on her shoes and slipped out. She saw at each side of the tent flap a native guard squatting on the ground behind an improvised shelter with head bowed forward as if asleep. She now had a horrible fear lest she should in her flight stumble upon some of those horrible corpses that she had seen at evening.

She took a direction that she conceived to be opposite to the direction by which she had come to the tent and sped away as best she could with the wind and sand tormenting her. Suddenly she tripped across a tent rope and almost fell. She recovered her feet and saw before her another tent with the light coming out thru a tiny seam on the sheltered side. She felt of a sudden that here she might see for the last time the man she loved. She clambered forward thru the fine sand that had eddied in on that side of the tent and brought her face close to the seam.

What she saw inside the tent was a very venerable old man, a face she half remembered, because she had seen Dr. Rhook when he lectured in America. This man was speaking very slowly and solemnly, but he was speaking Arabic and she, of course, did not in the least understand him. Then close to him arose another figure, the figure of a tall and once handsome young man. The face was haggard, the eyes were wild, a flake of white foam disfigured the lips. At first she did not recognize that haggard face; then she almost fainted as she knew for certain that it was he who had once been Harold Mortimer. This man spoke mixed French and Arabic. She could not piece out his meaning. But he was urging something, and the old man with the venerable face was trying very calmly to reason with him. And then as the two paused she heard the voice of Dan McDonough. He fortunately spoke English:

"Harold, as Dr. Rhook tells you, it is sheer madness to try to go in pursuit of Von Keller now. Not only you, but your whole army, will be lost—and you will accomplish nothing. Wait till the storm abates. We have saved one airplane. As soon as a flight is possible you and Dawkins can take that machine, and take with you a machine gun and go after the scoundrel. He could not have gone far before that storm overtook him. He may have reached Ghadames, but it is not at all probable. The chances are he is in some native Algerian village with a wrecked machine on his hands."

At these words Harold Mortimer gave a great cry, a cry like a man who has been stricken with death, and Julia knew instinctively what thought had drawn that cry from him—it was the cry of a jealous animal who has lost its mate to another. It was the thought that "Von Keller has the Lady Khorassen in his possession—in his power!" and Julia knew it instinctively.

"I am going! I am going in that airplane at dawn!" he shouted.

The venerable old man rose close to his side and catching his left hand began to speak again in a soothing tone. Then Harold Mortimer snatched his hand free and struck the white-bearded patriarch across the mouth.

With a low moan Julia Wentworth turned away. She started running blindly with her back to the gale and the simoon pushing her along. She ran thus till she was out of breath, and fell face downward in the sand.

"I will lie right here and let the sand bury me," she thought. "Who knows—they may never find my body. But oh, I feel so sorry for poor little Nina; but I did her a last good service; I put the sweet child to sleep and now I will go to sleep myself. Oh, I have waited so long and so patiently and so cheerfully for Herrie. But I wish I had not come out here. I hate to dampen his happiness—if he lives and finds that woman—with thoughts of my tragic death."

He Was a Madman, but an Efficient Madman With the Military Instinct and Training—and He Knew Whom and What He Sought.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE simoon was the worst the Kifar had experienced in forty years. Dawn of the second day came at 9 o'clock in a dun twilight, shot thru at times with coppery gleams. The heat was like that of a furnace. Vegetation shriveled and died. Cattle, horses and sheep, already reduced by the long spring fast, succumbed. More than one European of the party went insane from the heat and noise and unquenchable thirst. There was bedlam among the Mohammedans of the camp at the loss of their chieftainess; and meanwhile a brooding hatred of all Franks as the authors of their troubles.

In this situation the leaders of the native troops, and even Lady Khorassen's uncle, demanded that they be permitted to fare forth on an expedition in search of Von Keller and the lady he had carried away. In vain did Dr. Rhook expostulate and explain. They would go forth, and the uncle finally explained that unless they were permitted to march out into the desert in search of the airplane, which might really be only a few miles away, they would certainly mutiny and kill every white man among them.

So, as a last resort, to save the white men and women imprisoned among them, Dr. Rhook and Dan McDonough and Bud Sifert, agreed to let Mortimer and Sidi ben Jamil, Lady Khorassen's cousin, lead them out, and Bud Sifert decided at the last moment to go with them. As for

(Continued on Page 18.)

Nearing the End of a Story That Has Entertained Us for Ten Weeks.

WOODEN SPOIL

By H. M. Egbert

CHAPTER XXIV (Continued).

HILARY heard the sails being run up, and the creak of the cordage in the wind. Then the schooner, grinding her course thru the drift ice, began to roll and pitch as the force of the Gulf current struck her. And thru the portholes Hilary saw the lights of St. Boniface reel into the enwrapping fog and vanish.

With Madeleine's arms about him he thought with desperate concentration. Doubtless the ruffians had gone to assist Dupont in taking the schooner out into midstream, confident that their victim was at their mercy. Once the vessel had passed the dangerous ice and deadly sunken rocks Dupont alone could keep her on her course. And Dupont had planned his death. He remembered the hate on the old man's face; but he could not imagine the cause of it, for he did not connect it with the story about Marie.

They would return, they would discover that the revolver was useless; his life was worth about ten minutes' purchase, and of Madeleine's fate he dared not think. He must fight for her and live for her. He got his shaking limbs under control.

"I'm all right," he whispered. "I've got my plan now. Keep behind me and be ready to help. The door's locked, I suppose?"

A quick attempt to open it showed him that it was. But he had a chance, if he could break down the door, for the sound might pass unheard in the gale, with the crashing of the ice against the sides of the schooner, enabling him to pass into the hold unseen in the darkness.

He hurled himself against the cabin door, fists, shoulders, body, with every muscle set tense. It broke upon its hinges, and Hilary fell, sprawling into the passage between the piles of stacked lumber, which rose to a height of twenty feet on either side of him, running to within a few feet of the cabin and the deck ladder.

He crouched there for a few seconds, hearing Madeleine behind him, and looked upward. The wind was roaring thru the rigging with a noise far louder than that made by the falling door. No one had heard the crash. Above him swung the great mainsail, obscuring the gibbous moon that scurried like a pale ghost among the drifting clouds, haloed in the fog. Hilary could just discern the hazy figures of three men, hard at work to gain the middle channel, and the lantern that hung from the mast above, faintly illuminating them.

He had seen, but had not consciously observed, till the remembrance came to him then, that a pile of lumber, placed in the ship but not yet secured, lay about the center of the open space in front of the cabin. It could not shift with the rolling of the schooner, so as to destroy her equilibrium, on account of the stacks on either side. It consisted of the last load of logs, which had been dropped there from the end of the flume. Hilary raised two in his arms and carried them in front of the broken door.

It was impossible to make his voice heard, for the ship was staggering thru the clashing ice floes with a noise like that of artillery, but Madeleine saw his purpose, and in an instant was at work helping him. They began swiftly building a barricade; and, as Madeleine deposited her logs by the side of Hilary's, Hilary wedged the ends against the chained stacks on either side, so that the whole would form an immovable barrier. He toiled furiously, for their scanty time was precious beyond value. Soon Madeleine was behind the barricade, adjusting the logs that Hilary brought, and it stood the height of his waist.

Behind this, armed with a log, Hilary knew that he could ward off the attacks of the three indefinitely. Moreover, one must be on duty constantly, and sometimes two. This practically reversed the situation, could he have his five more precious minutes. All they could do would be to drive the vessel to sea and starve him and Madeleine. And this was hardly to be thought of, at least as a serious possibility.

It was impossible that either Dupont, Pierre, or Leblanc carried a revolver; but, even if they did, the barricade was bullet-proof. Hilary forgot his aching head, the retching nausea. The barrier was shoulder-high. He clambered behind it and took his station there just as the grinding of floes ceased, and the schooner caught the clear water.

A ray of moonlight, straggling thru the fog, disclosed old Dupont at the wheel above the poop, and the great mainsail sweeping over it—and two forms that crept along the passage between the lumber piles. They started back in sudden consternation at the sight of the unexpected barricade, and Hilary's club, aimed at Pierre's head, descended upon the outlaw's arm, which dropped limp at his side.

With a yell Pierre started back, but Leblanc leaped forward, knife in hand. So sudden was the attack that it drove within an inch of Hilary's throat. Madeleine screamed, rushed forward, and pulled Hilary back. As Leblanc caught sight of her he uttered an exclamation and followed Pierre back into the darkness of the lumber piles.

SILENCE followed. That wait was tense and nerve-gripping. Hilary tried to get Madeleine to return into the cabin, but she kept her place at his side. Then, to Hilary's utter surprise, he heard Brousseau's voice, and discerned him moving out of the darkness of the lumber.

"Monsieur Askew, I want to speak to you!" he called. "I am coming to you, I can trust you."

Hilary returned no answer, but Brousseau, apparently confident of Hilary's honor, pushed forward and came up to the barricade.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you have done a foolish thing!" he said quietly to Madeleine. "No harm was meant to Monsieur Askew. I want those papers—that's all. I heard he was coming aboard and adopted this ruse to get them. They are lies, written by a discharged employe, and I can't afford to be lied about. I want to clear my honor in your eyes, Mademoiselle."

But as neither answered him he dropped his pose of blandness and addressed Hilary.

"I've got more at stake than the seigniory and the asbestos mine," he cried. "That's only a drop in the bucket. I admit it's been a fair fight between us and you've won. I didn't want the seigniory. I wanted the fight. I'm willing to drop it now and give you best. But I want those papers.

"They ain't yours, Monsieur Askew. Morris forged them, but you kept them, and that's why I trapped you here. It was me stopped Dupont from killing you, because of his daughter."

Madeline laughed contemptuously at the lie, and Brousseau snorted like a lashed horse.

"I want those papers," he went on doggedly. "They ain't in your clothes, and they ain't in your bag. Give them to me and we'll cry quits, and I'll put you and Mademoiselle ashore at Ste. Anne. I can trust you and you can trust me. Are you going to agree?"

"No!" shouted Hilary.

He had had the sense that Brousseau mediated some treachery, but he was not prepared for what followed. Madeleine cried to him and pulled him back, just as Pierre and Leblanc leaped down from the forecastle roof, to which they had climbed during Brousseau's fictitious parleying. Each had his knife ready, and they were upon Hilary together.

There was no room for maneuvering, and Hilary never knew afterward how he escaped. But he thrust his club into Leblanc's face, and then, as the man stumbled back, brought it down with full force upon Pierre's skull.

All the strength of his arms went into the blow. Pierre never spoke again. He went reeling across the deck like an inanimate thing, struck the bulwark, and, as the schooner lurched, toppled into the sea. He was probably dead before he disappeared beneath the waves.

Leblanc rushed frantically toward the barricade. Hilary was upon him when he saw Brousseau whip out a revolver and take deliberate aim at him. He felt the bullet clip his cheek. Twice more Brousseau fired. At the second shot Hilary stumbled and fell flat in the cabin entrance. At the third Leblanc, shot thru the brain, whirled round twice and collapsed in front of the barrier.

Madeleine dragged Hilary within the cabin. Blood was gushing from a wound in his breast. Frantically she began to tear away the upper part of his clothing and to endeavor to stanch the wound. Suddenly she perceived the little rusted revolver upon the floor. She snatched it up and ran out, to see Brousseau in the act of crossing the barricade. She pushed it into his face.

Brousseau cursed and dropped on the far side; Madeleine heard him running into the darkness. She had bought a temporary respite. She ran back to Hilary. But it was almost dark in the cabin, and there was hardly anything she could do. He was conscious, but he seemed bleeding to death, and she could only try to stanch the blood that never stopped flowing.

Suddenly there came a terrific lurch of the vessel, which began to spin crazily in the troughs of the sea. And above the roaring of the wind came the wild cries of Dupont, and the expostulations of Brousseau. The captain's reason had deserted him; he had abandoned the wheel to fight out his quarrel with Hilary. The schooner, uncontrolled, ran sidewise be-

Read This First

Monsieur Rosny called Madeleine to his side to explain his plans for the future. They would remove to the city of Quebec; after a brief sojourn there they would sail for Europe for a grand tour of the continent, during which he expected her to wed a nobleman; after a year or two in France they would return to Canada and rebuild the chateau according to modern style. Old Robitaille, their servant for forty-five years, should accompany them. Next day the Seigneur died, and it was well that he did, for his mind was hopelessly sick.

After the Seigneur's death Brousseau figured that with young Askew out of the way, and certain documents held by him back in his possession, he might yet wed Madeleine. Knowing that Askew was to sail for Quebec with Captain Dupont, Brousseau conspired with the captain to put the American out of the way—forever. Two other men were named to perform the bloody work, if such work should be necessary.

Marie Dupont overheard the plotting and informed Madeleine of Askew's danger. Madeleine managed to smuggle herself aboard the schooner, but Marie was a few seconds too late.

While going below Hilary received a stunning blow on his head. Half dazed he recognized the grinning faces of Black Pierre and Leblanc. In the cabin he stumbled against Madeleine. She had a revolver, but had neglected to bring any cartridges.

This story began in No. 31, the Ledger for August 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

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fore the wind, and Brousseau willing as he was to let Dupont go on his errand of murder, was unable to steer her. He had handled ships before, but the swift cross-currents at the juncture of river and Gulf made the task impossible for one who did not know intimately that uncharted track, far from the main channel, now impassable with ice. The schooner was rolling heavily, huge seas were sweeping overboard, and she turned successively half round the compass; the wind, catching her swinging sails, began to whirl her round and round; and steadily she drifted toward the pack ice along the shore of the island.

Madeleine, working over Hilary frantically in the cabin, saw Dupont and Brousseau struggling on the poop deck. Dupont was trying to force his way between the lumber piles, while Brousseau urged him back to the wheel. Her mind worked rapidly. Was there any way of controlling the situation? She could see none. The moon had risen high, and the mists were clearing away. Not far distant was the nearing point of the island; and the open gulf lay beyond. Toward the icefield the ship was hurrying with frightful speed.

Above the howling of the wind came the voice of the demented captain, shouting some wild sea chant. It was terrifying, this combat of human wills and the elemental forces of sea and wind. But before the situation changed the ship plunged into the ice with a crash that stopped her dead and sent her reeling over.

She ground her passage into it, crunching the floes, staggering, rearing, her torn sails, ripped into streamers, sounding in the wind like sirens. Then, gripped fast, she came to her rest.

Madeleine saw the ice fast on every side. The narrow passage behind, filled with black, foam-flecked water, was closing in. She did not hesitate, but caught at Hilary and urged him to his feet. He managed to rise, with her support, and staggered at her side toward the bulwarks.

She stooped, picked the fur coat from the shoulders of the dead outlaw, and placed it about him. She pointed toward the ice field. Brousseau was still struggling with Dupont near the wheel, and Dupont was thrashing his arms and howling his wild pæan. With the last exercise of his strength Hilary managed to drop to the ice.

He lay there. Madeleine crouched over him under the bow of the vessel, and her last hope went out.

CHAPTER XXV.

FATHER LUCIEN ARRIVES.

MONSIEUR LUCIEN TESSIER, the cure, had not placed the least credence in the stories that were circulating concerning Hilary and Marie Dupont. He knew that his parishioners loved nothing so much as gossip. He thought the breaking of the engagement was only a lovers' quarrel, until the announcement of the engagement bewildered and horrified him. Then, in consternation, the cure went to Madeleine, only to be repulsed decisively.

Father Lucien had grown very fond of Hilary. He did not know what to do. Hilary was in the woods now, and almost inaccessible. The cure had not even Lafe to wrangle with. His days passed in dejection. Moreover, the matter of Ste. Marie's bothered him. Father Lucien had been jeered out of the village, and he knew that if the Bishop heard of it he would be transferred to another parish. Father Lucien loved St. Boniface, where he had spent all his life.

He had sent to Quebec for a book on singlestick exercises, which he had seen advertised in an old magazine. He had become interested, and had fashioned a fine singlestick from a pliant hazel bough. Father Lucien followed the instructions given in the book with patient care, and with the best results. He was very thoro in all that he did. His muscles began to grow, his physical health became excellent. Soon he became quite expert. It was a sight to see the cure practicing lunges in the seclusion of his study, among the theological volumes; but nobody had seen him except his old housekeeper, and it took several minutes to convince the old lady that her revered charge had not gone suddenly insane.

Father Lucien had just laid down his singlestick when a boy brought him a letter in an unknown handwriting. A letter was an important event in the cure's day. He put on his spectacles, sat down, opened the envelope, and began to read.

It was from the priest at St. Joseph, and stated that Nanette Bonnat had given him the full story of the adventures upon the island, together with an account of the activities of Pierre and Simeon Duval.

Bad as Father Lucien had known conditions at Ste. Marie to be, he had never guessed at the revelations which Nanette had made to his confrere. His indignation spilled over, and he paced his study in agitation for several minutes. At last, struck with an inspiration, he took up his singlestick, put on his cap, fur coat, and snowshoes, and started off toward Ste. Marie.

It was about an hour later when the few loafers in Simeon's saloon looked up to see the cure standing in the doorway. Since the lumbermen had gone into camp for the winter the glories of the dance-hall had faded and disappeared, but Simeon still did a thriving liquor business. He saw the cure and came waddling forward, his pale blue eyes blinking with mock humility.

"Come in, Father," he said suavely. "We don't often see you here. What will you have? A drop of gin? A little brandy now? Or maybe you're looking for some of the girls to dance with?"

The men grinned and nudged each other. It is not often that one sees a cure baited.

"You're a sport, Father," said Simeon. "What sort of stick do you call that, with a knob each end?"

"I shall come to that later," answered the cure. "Simeon, Simeon, how often have I spoken to you about the evil that you are doing here! It is a statutory offense to sell liquor without a license, but it is an offense against God to run this sort of place. Simeon, for the good of your soul, will you not close down this place and lead a different life?"

The mild words and humble attitude of the old priest were so comical that nobody could conceal his amusement any longer. A roar of laughter shook the shack. Simeon yawned.

"I'll think about my soul when I'm sick," he answered.

"You may be very sick at any moment, Simeon, without expecting it."

"I'll take the chances of that," answered Simon.

"Simeon, I am growing tired of speaking to you. Do you know that your house is a plague-spot in this village? Simeon, for the last time, won't you close up for good and all?"

"Ah Father, you mean all right," said Simeon, "but that's your job. I bet you're just as much a sport as anybody here, if only you let yourself go. Come on now, and get into a game with us."

"Simeon," said Father Lucien, "you were asking me about this stick. I'll show you what it's for. Look!"

Smack! went the hazel knob on Simeon's head.

Simeon was so flabbergasted that he fell back against the plank table. As for the cure, he seemed transfigured. Holding the singlestick in the middle, he twirled it until it looked like a knobby streak of light, while he pirouetted like a Dervish.

In reality he was going thru the important foot exercise marked Combination 5; but nobody knew that.

"Come on, Simeon," said Father Lucien, flicking him across the nose, which instantly became ensanguined.

With a howl of wrath Simeon came forward, and the singlestick descended on his head with a thud that was heard (neighbors said afterward) across the street. Another thud from the other end; and Simeon was blinking up at the cure from the floor.

"Get up, Simeon; I'm going to cure your soul," said the cure. "Are you going to close down?"

SIMEON struggled to his knees. With an unwonted agility he dodged the singlestick (Movement 19 had always bothered the cure) and rushed forward with arms extended, like a bear. But Father Lucien had Movement 17 pat, and Movement 17 is especially designed for this. Placing the right toe against the left heel, he made a half turn. Smack! Simeon was reclining against the counter, his hand over his head, and blood streaming thru his fingers.

"Simeon, Simeon," said the cure (smack, smack!), "are you going to close down?"

Simeon lifted up his voice in a long, melancholy howl. He struggled feebly to his feet, and instantly went down again under a terrific blow across the right ear (Movement 22A.)

"Is your soul better, Simeon?" asked Father Lucien.

Simeon blinked up into the ring of faces about him. It was an extraordinary thing, but, tho everybody seemed very much interested in his predicament, nobody showed any signs of interfering to help him. Public opinion was very fickle in Ste. Marie.

"Now you may get up, Simeon," said the cure, and Simeon hastened to obey. His eyes traveled quickly in the direction of an empty brandy bottle upon the counter. If he could get it in his hand.

Smack went the singlestick, and Simeon was down again with a roar like a poleaxed bull.

"What did you do that for?" he whimpered.

"I'm helping you the best way I know, Simeon," answered the cure mildly. "Are you going to close down?"

"I'll have you arrested," Simeon yelled. "I'll write to the Bishop about you."

Crash went the singlestick. "Are you going to have me arrested?" inquired Father Lucien.

"No," muttered Simeon, covering his head with his hands.

Crash! Simeon's hands flew apart as if they were attached to springs. "Are you going to write to the Bishop?" asked the cure.

"No. For God's sake let me go, you d—n bully!"

Simeon snatched at the knob on the end of the singlestick nearest him; but Movement 4 provides for that and the crack of a broken finger was distinctly audible to the intensely interested spectators.

"When are you going to close down, Simeon?" demanded Father Lucien, standing over the prostrate liquor-seller.

"At once!" yelled Simeon, bursting into

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Electrical Experts; Trained Men are in big demand at the highest salaries ever known. The opportunities for advancement and a big success are unlimited—positively unlimited. The Electrical Industry faces a big shortage of trained men. It needs you and will pay you well.

Today even the ordinary electrician, the screw driver kind, is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the Electrical Expert—who is picked out to boss the ordinary electricians—to boss the big jobs—the jobs that pay $70.00 to $200.00 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big jobs—begin NOW.

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You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough, and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make $70 to $200 a week.

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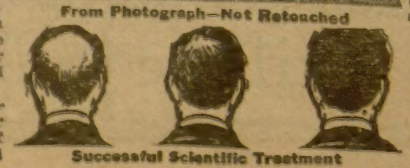

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DO IT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

FRECKLES! Why define them? We all know too well what they are. And they "are," most strenuously in the summertime, aren't they? Heat and sun and brilliancy of the air make freckles that are most pale and unnoticeable in the winter come out strongly in the hot weather. For, freckles are a deposit, under the scarf skin, of a coloring matter called pigment and akin to tan.

Freckles are said to be incurable. They may be made less conspicuous, however, by bleaching. Sometimes, however, people sacrifice in texture what they gain in whiteness of the skin, and sometimes a severe bleaching out of the freckles will leave a skin with a shriveled appearance. This does not happen often, but in all fairness I must say that it does happen occasionally.

One famous beauty surgeon and doctor recommends a lotion made up of lactic acid, 1 ounce; glycerine, 1 ounce; rose water, 6 ounces.

The same authority recommends a lotion of equal parts of peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia.

Equal parts of peroxide of hydrogen and witch-hazel form a lotion which he recommends also.

Peroxide, borax and tincture of benzoin used in the washing water have a bleaching effect, and lemon juice rubbed on the skin and left over night is effective to quite a degree; but all four of these have a very slight shriveling effect upon the skin. If your skin is oily this will do no harm. If it is a dry skin, you may be able to detect the shriveling.

Washing the face nightly in buttermilk or sour milk and allowing the milk to dry on—this makes for a very mild bleach also.

Now for the more drastic bleaching agents! If one hates one's freckles sufficiently and wishes to go in for more severe lotions, one can consider the following as being the most powerful bleaching agents one can use and yet keep the skin on one's face:

One is a solution of hyposulphite of soda, 15 to 30 grains.

Another is a solution of chloride of ammonium, 15 grains to an ounce of water.

And the strongest and most efficacious of them all is a mixture of bichloride of mercury, dilute acetic acid, borax and rosewater, applied night and morning as a wash. Remember that the first named drug is a powerful poison, and you must take care that the solution is used OUTSIDE only. Your skin will be very sore after a course of this treatment and you will have to apply healing and soothing creams and handle with care for a while. I will say one thing for it, however: It sure does get after those freckles! Next week we'll consider dandruff and the hair.

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Pears
Cereal and Top Milk
Ham on Toast
Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Meat Balls
Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets
Cucumber Salad
Rice Pudding

SUPPER.

Sliced Ham Potato Salad
Iced Tea
Lemon Jelly Cookies

Ham on Toast.

1 cupful of stock
¼ cupful of grated cheese
1 tablespoonful of butter
1 saltspoonful of salt
1 cupful of boiled ham, chopped fine
1 tablespoonful of flour
Toast
1 saltspoonful of paprika

Melt and brown the butter; add the flour; stir until smooth and thoroly brown. Pour in the stock, add the ham and cheese. As soon as the cheese is melted season and serve on toast.

Lemon Jelly.

¼ box gelatin
½ cup sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
Speck of salt

Soak gelatin in a little cold water, pour on boiling water to dissolve it, add sugar and lemon juice and make up to 1 pint with cold water. Strain, set in cool place to harden.

Orange and other fruit jellies made in the same way.

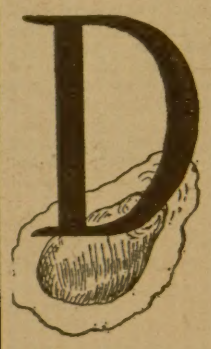
Meat Balls.

1½ pounds chopped meat
1 onion, chopped fine
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Mix onions, salt and pepper thoroly with meat, form into cakes, brown both sides in hot pan. Cover closely and continue cooking at a low temperature until done thru. Serve with brown gravy made from the drippings.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

OYSTERS ARE AGAIN IN SEASON



DO YOU make as much use as you like of oysters?

Of course, if you don't like them, then there is little sense in using them often. But if you do, then you might very well make them a frequent substitute for meat at dinner. And you can also use them advantageously for the substantial dish at luncheon.

Here are some especially good recipes for using them in substantial dishes. Try some of them and see if they are not worth while.

Oyster Biscuits.

Make a good biscuit batter and bake in crusty biscuits. Put a quart of oysters on a stove with a little water, half a cup of milk, two teaspoons of butter, salt and pepper; thicken with a tablespoon of flour. When the biscuits are baked, split, butter them and spread the oysters between and some on top.

Oysters au Gratin.

Oysters Butter
Bread crumbs Chopped parsley
Grated cheese 1 cup white sauce
Cayenne

Butter a shallow dish; strew with brown bread crumbs. Wipe the oysters, see that they are free from grit; lay them on the crumbs; strew parsley and cheese over them, then more crumbs. Pour in the white sauce and put them in a quick oven. Pour a little melted butter over the top and brown.

Oyster Chowder.

Cook one minced onion in a level tablespoon of fat till slightly colored; add one cup of hot water and stir well; then strain this water into kettle, and add one pint of thin sliced potatoes. Cook till soft. Add one pint of oysters and one pint of white sauce. When oysters are plump, serve.

The Shawl.

THE silken shawl, heavily fringed and embroidered, is the popular wrap for evening, while the crepe or shantung wrap does duty with the lingerie or afternoon frock.

To Renovate Towels.

THE torn edges of Turkish towels can be cut off and the fresh edges bound with strips of colored gingham, thus adding to the life of the towel and still keeping it attractive.

Marks on Furniture.

MOISTEN a flannel cloth in olive, linseed, sweet or paraffin oil to remove fingermarks on furniture. Wipe dry and polish with flannel or a chamois skin wrung out of clear water. For oiled furniture use kerosene.

Apply raw linseed oil by means of a flannel cloth to restore the color and let stand over night. Or, for highly polished surfaces, as rosewood or mahogany, apply a cloth moistened with alcohol. Afterward polish with a soft cloth moistened with turpentine.

When Stringing Beans.

STRINGING beans is made easy if, after washing the beans thoroly, they are put in boiling water for three minutes and then drain. Then the strings may be removed.

To Remove Mildew.

IF MILDEW stains are soaked for several hours in a weak solution of chloride of lime and then rinsed in cold water it is said that they will disappear.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

DEAR AND DARLING

FOND mothers and newly-weds seem to be equally guilty in their fondness for using these terms, dear and darling. The element of bad form comes in of course when they are used in public. Dear, to be sure, is much less offensive than darling. In fact it is more and more coming to be used as a term of address by those closely bound by ties of love or friendship. But darling is hardly ever excusable in public.

Fond mothers often become so used to certain terms of endearment that they use them when the situation is anything but endearing. Thus you may have heard a child addressed as "precious" being threatened with a spanking, and another known as "mother's blessed little lamb," actually receiving one. The interesting thing, as far as we are concerned, is that the tendency is among really well-bred people to be sparing of the use of words in public that reveal the closer side of their personal life. Naturally we all wish to appear well bred. It is to our social and business advantage to do so. It is only normal to wish to conceal the elements of bad breeding in our makeup. To do this review your everyday speech in public and see whether you are as sparing as you might be in the use of these expressions.

Sometimes young men are so proud of the fact of their engagement to a charming young woman that they wish to announce the fact to the world in general by addressing her by a term that would not be permissible between unengaged persons. This is always in questionable taste outside of one's home. Even at a large party of friends it shows better breeding for the young man to address his fiancee simply by her first name than by the lately permitted term of endearment.

What Readers Ask.

"When a young man passes a clergyman in the street should his hat be taken off to the minister?"

The usage varies in different churches. However, it is always courteous for a young man to raise his hat to any old and venerable man of his acquaintance.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts About It; Its History; Its Meaning; Whence It Was Derived; Your Lucky Day and Lucky Jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

MARTHA

THE names of the sisters of Bethany, Mary and Martha, are closely allied. While Mary signifies bitter, Martha means becoming bitter. Since the sister of the Blessed Virgin bore the same name as her own, both are said to come from Mara (bitter) tho some believe that Martha comes from Aremean mar (a lord) which was often heard as the title of Syrian bishops.

Martha of Bethany, according to legend, demolished a terrible dragon by holding up a cross one time when her family was making a journey thru wild country. The Marfa of Russia is, of course, like the English Martha, Matty and Patty (tho by rights, the last named is a diminutive of Patricia and not connected with Martha at all). Indeed in Russia, Martha is considered the true housewifely woman of the Bible, independent of the legend of the dragon.

Martha's equivalent has been a royal name there for many centuries, occurring frequently among the daughters of the earlier Czars. The Martha used in Ireland is only an equivalent for the native Eres Meabhdh, Meave or Mab, once a great Irish Princess, who has since become Queen of the Fairies, and is universally known as Queen Mab. Martha was used for Mor in Scotland. Martha and Marthon of the south of France and the rarer Marta of Italy and Spain were all from the Provencal dragon-slayer. The name has always had a quaint old-fashioned ring and its popularity will never cease, due no doubt to its Biblical reference.

The pearl is most appropriately Martha's jewel, representing, as it does, purity of thought. Its heritage of tears would seem a fitting attribute for Martha. Monday is said to be her lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

Next Week: ADELAIDE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 6, 8 and 26

A Slump in the Umbrella Market

(Concluded From Page 2)

"Luncheon will be served in a few minutes," replied Mrs. Pepper, with dignity.

"Eh? Oh, all right. The grub is the main point—don't care what you call it."

Mr. Pepper took an early edition of an evening paper from his pocket and began to look over the real estate column. The sounds of that umbrella as it smote the newel-post still rang in Mrs. Pepper's ears, and she decided on making one more effort at reclaiming Mr. Pepper.

"My dear," she observed, in a more amiable tone, "did you see that Callibunker advertised a special sale this morning?"

"Who's Callibunker?" demanded Mr. Pepper. "Hairpins or grand pianos?"

"Callibunker, the umbrella man, in Austin street. It's where I got my blue sunshade."

"Yes, I remember the place now. He can keep his umbrella—calculate I can do better with my money in the kitchen range—get some returns in the way of heat, anyhow."

"I have always found Callibunker very reasonable," pursued Mrs. Pepper. "He seems to be offering some real bargains at this sale."

Mr. Pepper flopped over his paper, but said nothing .

"I think it would be a splendid chance for you to get a new umbrella," went on Mrs. Pepper, undiscouraged.

"Don't know what I want of a new one long's the old one keeps off the rain," said her husband, stubbornly.

"But we have talked it over so many times. That old one looks so. You can well afford a new one, you know."

"Can't afford anything I don't need," said Mr. Pepper, turning his paper inside out with furious rustling.

"Really, people laugh at that old thing you carry."

"Do 'em good. Laugh and grow fat. Better'n sa's'parilla."

"But it seems to me that you might get a new one just because Mildred and I want you to."

"Now, see here, Harriet; tell you what I'll do, since you make such a plaguey fuss: I'll get a new umbrella, but I won't pay a cent more than I did for the old one."

"How much was that?"

"Dollar'n sixty cents. Man's a fool that pays more'n that for an umbrella," and Mr. Pepper slapped his paper down in his lap and glared triumphantly at his wife.

Mrs. Pepper hesitated, as he had expected. Was an obviously cheap, bargain-counter umbrella to be desired over the old one? The ancient affair might be set down to eccentricity, but nothing but penuriousness could explain a cheap new one. Mrs. Pepper was about to change the subject and drop the whole question, when suddenly an idea came into her mind like an inspiration. She gave it a moment's rapid consideration, and then said:

"Well, I'm sure I'm satisfied with that. Umbrellas are very reasonable now, and at this sale you can certainly get a good one for that amount. In fact, Callibunker advertised some at exactly that figure."

"All right," answered Mr. Pepper in a rather disappointed tone. "I'll drop in there in the morning and get one. Not a cent more than one-sixty, tho," he added, defiantly.

AFTER luncheon Mr. Pepper stumped away to his office and Mrs. Pepper ordered her carriage. She drove directly to Callibunker's. That individual met her at the door with a low bow and gentle little rub of his hands. Carriage customers of that sort were not to be treated lightly .

"I see you advertise some umbrellas at a dollar-sixty," said Mrs. Pepper.

"Why—er—yes, ma'am, we do; but of course an umbrella at such a figure, ma'am, ain't what you can get by paying a little more."

"Let me see them," said Mrs. Pepper, ignoring the rebuke in his tone.

"That is our one-sixty line," and Callibunker indicated a long table down the middle of the store.

Mrs. Pepper glanced at them and said: "Now, can you show me a gentleman's umbrella at about eight or nine dollars, which has something the general appearance of those?"

"The general appearance, ma'am, perhaps to a pusson that looked very careless and rather fur off. Now, there is one at $10 which may be what you want."

"Yes, that will do. My husband is coming in here tomorrow morning to get an umbrella. He will not agree to pay more than $1.60. If you can induce him to take this one at that price, I will call during the afternoon and pay you the difference."

"Certainly, ma'am; delighted to do so. Pay the difference any time you happen in to look at something for yourself, ma'am. Don't put yourself to any inconvenience, ma'am."

Mrs. Pepper went out and drove home.

The next morning there enters to Callibunker Mr. Pepper, carrying his old umbrella under his arm.

"Lemme see some of those dollar-sixty umbrellas—won't look at anything higher," said Mr. Pepper.

"Certainly," returned Callibunker, "certainly. Nobody need look at anything higher to get a good umbrella. We are selling some of our best stock at that figure. We even have good articles lower than that. Now, how would something on that order do?" and he carelessly picked up the one Mrs. Pepper had selected.

"Seems O. K. What's the tariff?"

"One-sixty."

"All right. I'll take it. Here's your change," and Mr. Pepper took his purchase and walked out. At the office he crowded the old one behind the steam radiator, observing as he did so that it "may come in mighty handy some day."

WHEN Mr. Pepper arrived home for luncheon that day, carrying the new umbrella, he found his wife radiant. She had triumphed at last. The family was no longer disgraced. After Mr. Pepper had returned to the office, Mildred ventured to raise the question if it had been strictly right to deceive her father.

"I've thought it over very carefully," said Mrs. Pepper, "and I cannot see that there was anything wrong about it. It isn't as if he could not afford it, you know. It was simply getting around an absurd prejudice in the easiest way. I shall drive down and pay the difference this afternoon."

After doing this, Mrs. Pepper took a long drive, and it was only a few minutes before dinner time that she entered the drawing-room and found Mildred. "Do you know," she said, "I've felt so pleased all the afternoon about that umbrella. I don't see why I didn't think of that way long ago. Your father is so—so firm that one must use a little finesse occasionally.

Just then the front door closed with a decisive snap, and the hearty laugh of Mr. Pepper floated in from the hall, accompanied by a sound which suggested the clashing of the boughs of a dead tree in a November gale. Mrs. Pepper and Mildred hurried to the hall. Mr. Pepper was thrashing his old umbrella around the newel-post in high glee.

"By George, Harriet, I'm right in it!" he cried. "You know Tom Hutchins, that young chap who has a law office opposite mine. Met him this afternoon, and he says: 'Hello, Mr. Pepper; see you've got a new umbrella.' 'That's right,' says I. He looked at it, and says he, 'Fine article.' 'Ought to be,' says I; 'paid one dollar and sixty cents for that umbrella.' 'Hah,' says he, 'I'd like to get it for five dollars.' 'You have got it,' says I, and I shoved it into his hands: 'gimme the five!' He did it, too, and I pocketed it and lit out 'fore he could get sick of his bargain. Tell you what, Harriet, never made three-forty so easy in my life before. This old one is good enough for me," and after another sharp chastisement of the helpless newel-post, he stood it in the corner.

That was a year ago. He still carries the old umbrella.

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Simply send your name and address to H. C. Haist, 2165 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the free trial treatment will be sent immediately under plain wrapper.

What Is Your Problem?

(Continued From Page 2.)

is your first cousin whom you had never met before, and therefore out of the field as a prospective husband. This will take away your self-consciousness and put you and your young man on a franker, more heart-to-heart basis.

If a young man brings you a box of candy, say—well—say "How lovely of you!" and open the box there and then and insist on his taking some and take some yourself, with him.

"Thank you, that will be very jolly! I'll be delighted to go (or have you)" is something like the way to accept what you call a "date"—a rather vulgar word and not to be used by nice young ladies, if you'll permit me to say so to you.

I am sorry indeed that I could not get to your letter before but there were so many letters ahead of yours. If I have helped you, you are most heartily welcome.

BRAINLESS, N., Myrtle R., Emeline, Burma A., Miss Hazel P., Anxious, Handy Anne, C. C. W., Berenice, Pete, Verna, Mae Crowell, Tessie King, Freckles, Dollcie, Leopard, K. M., Elsie, Waiting, Sincerely Yours, Miss L. H., Gerda, Sweet Sixteen, Kitty: See my talk in today's Ledger on Freckles. The treatment also applies to tan and moles and certain kinds of so-called liver-spots. For true liver-spots, one should consult a doctor.

❧ ❧ ❧

That Cured Him.

GEORGE was one of those bright young fellows given to the use of slang.

At the tea table the other day he required milk. "Chase the cow down this way, please," he said.

"Mary," said his mother, "take the cow down to where the calf is bawling."

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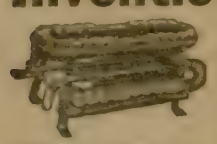

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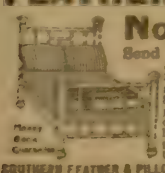

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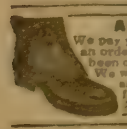

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The Strange Conclusion that Saved the Dying Globe from Him Who Held

The World at His Mercy

By John T. Tiboni

CHAPTER XIX (Continued).

THE unseasonable weather began to take toll of human life as the days went by. Verily it looked as if the end of the world was fast approaching. Humanity wondered greatly at this appalling state of unnatural weather conditions that were prevailing. What had caused this world-wide catastrophe; this thing that spelled Death to all forms of life? What had happened to the heretofore kind and effulgent sun? Why was its life-giving warmth no longer effective upon this planet?

The time came when there was no more precipitation from the atmosphere in the form of either rain or snow. It appeared as if the sun no longer had the power to evaporate any water from the earth's surface and then return it in the form of rain and snow as had been the case since the beginning of things.

Had that long-expected and oft prophesied cataclysm at last taken place, namely, that the sun was rapidly cooling, that its fires were dying and in time its feeble heat would no more reach out thru measureless planetary space and keep this world from freezing? Yes, it would, according to present appearances, appear that that stage of the sun's efficiency had been reached at last. Henceforth, apparently, the vitally necessary sun's heat-rays would no longer reach to this planet. Therefore, this world was doomed to a speedy and terrible end, in so far as life thereon was concerned. Life would no more be possible here than on our satellite, the moon.

But was this phenomenon a natural sequence of purely natural events? Or was it a man-made phenomenon, an unnatural sequence of unnatural events created by some unnatural man's meddling with the forces of nature?

Martian Ray, it must be remembered, had fully threatened the whole world with death, only a few months previously. Was this, then, the fulfillment of that threat? Was it, after all, he who was responsible for all this? Was the present unnatural state of affairs the direct outcome of this threat of his? Was he at the bottom of this horrible, appalling affair of world-wide magnitude? Was it he who caused, or precipitated this world-wide catastrophe?

Well, in view of his past threats and past uncanny and weirdly mysterious performances, it would not be out of the bounds of reasonable conjecture to lay the blame for the present unnatural conditions at his feet, or head, rather.

From day to day the weather went from bad to worse. Where at first only light frosts appeared this in turn gave place to real cold, wintry weather. Snow, on several occasions, before the advent of the rainless and snowless days, fell in the tropics, where such a phenomenon had never been known. In time this wintry weather had the effect of killing countless human beings in every quarter of the earth; but more so in the tropics, as there the people were not endowed by nature to withstand the rigors of the Temperate and Frigid Zones.

All inland and river navigation was forced to suspend its shipping activities. Even the Great Lakes, those great inland fresh-water seas in the North American continent, were frozen over and navigation stopped by the first of October, a good two and half months before the usual time.

Truly the world was coming to an end—a frozen end, at that.

Was this the penalty, the punishment for not disarming all armies, all navies, as commanded to be done by the "king of the world," Martian Ray? Really it was incredible to suppose or believe that a mere mortal man was capable of creating this devastating catastrophe.

And again why, if it was he who was keeping in existence this unnatural state of affairs, did he not communicate with the world and learn if the nations had had enough punishment and were now willing to do his bidding in regards to total disarmament, ashore and afloat? Granted that he was the author of all this, surely he must by now realize that the world had suffered in plenty, even unto the point of annihilation, and would now perhaps listen to him more favorably. Why did he not call this terrible thing off—before it was too late—before all life was frozen out of existence—before all life became extinct?

By this time the governments were each sending out frantic "S. O. S." calls to Martian Ray in an endeavor to make him hear, and tell him, if he was the author of the present weather conditions, to stop his horrible work, as they were willing to compromise, to pay him any price rather than have such direful conditions prevail any longer.

Finally at 12 o'clock, noon, Nov. 15, 2003, word was received from Martian Ray. The following is the message that was flashed by him to all the world:

> After hearing your many and frantic "S. O. S." calls I have at last decided to be merciful toward you. I realize that you have suffered greatly thru being shut off from the sun's natural heat rays. But you have no one to blame for this but yourselves. I fully warned you of what would happen if my command for world-wide disarmament was not obeyed.
>
> At sunset this evening I shall stop the machinery that is shutting out the sun's heat from the earth's atmosphere. From then on weather conditions will begin to return to normal. But, of course, I do this with the hope that you will now comply with my order to disarm.
>
> I have decided to have April 1, next, 2004, as the day for dispatching every warship to its deep-sea grave, as already outlined in my previous message.
>
> Therefore heed well the instructions given you sometime ago, and see to it without fail that all your ships of war are assembled at the already designated position in the North Atlantic by sunrise of April 1, next, when the program that was to have been carried out last March will be gone thru with.
>
> If you do not fulfill this mandate this time you may expect no more mercy from me. This is final.
>
> MARTIAN RAY,
> King of the World.

"One Day While Out Tramping the Hills I Came Upon a Strange-looking Rock."

Such was the message that came from out the ethereal space at the end of the eleventh hour, to this dying, freezing planet.

So, after all, Martian Ray was really responsible for the freezing of all creation, if he was to be believed. And the truthfulness of this would be felt all over the earth in a few days, now that he was going to stop this diabolical performance and let nature function unimpeded by his devilish invention.

But how, in the name of all the fakirs of old, had he accomplished this superhuman manifestation? What diabolical powers were at his command that he could bring about such horrible things?

What Happened in the Preceding Installment

By the 31st of December, 2001, everything possible for human ingenuity to devise had been done to stand any kind of a siege that Martian Ray might inflict. At 12 o'clock, midnight, of that day all lights—all electric energy—went out with the dying year. The morning of Jan. 1, 2002, dawned upon a new order of things in all America, save Canada. Many Americans, especially the "idle rich," took up their abode in Ontario and Quebec; others hurried to Europe and other foreign parts. Conditions were such, especially in the summer, that it was like going from a stricken, suffering planet to one where the joys of life were free and unrestricted. The year 2002 was, indeed, a dark, cheerless, never to be forgotten one, but punctually at midnight, Dec. 31, 2003, Martian Ray called off his "invisible army" and Electricity came back from its year-long exile.

The "king of the world" next demanded the disarmament of all nations upon the face of the earth, and the scrapping of all army and navy equipment. All were advised to "think well before they disobeyed." Twelve o'clock, noon, of March 14, 2003, Martian Ray warned that at sunrise on the following day, March 15, Death would certainly be stalking over all the earth. None would escape. It might take two days, or two months, but in that time all would have succumbed to the hand of the Invisible Destroyer. The outlook was a grave and direful one for all peoples of the earth.

—

This story began in No. 35, the Ledger for Sept. 2. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

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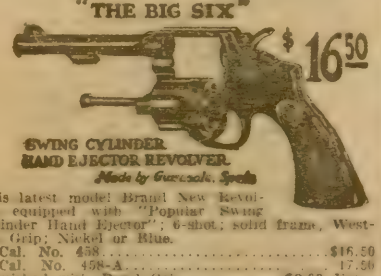

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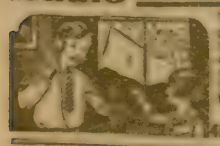

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First he had put a mysterious plague into force that overwhelmed all things electrical; and now, secondly, this latest act of his by which he kept the sun's tempered heat from reaching this old earth. What other devilish accomplishments had he the power over? Verily, one would be justified in believing him to be the very incarnation of his Satanic majesty.

True to his word, the process of universal freezing was soon noticed to be waning in strength and intensity; after a day or two, even. Of course, this was not so apparent in the Northern latitudes, as this was the winter season there; but in the tropics and the Southern latitudes the change was taking place with remarkable speed. Warm weather finally prevailed, with normal conditions returning apace.

But, nevertheless, tho things were coming back to normal, the harm that could never be righted had been done. Thousands of human beings had been literally frozen to death, and now starvation faced those that remained alive, for nothing in the way of food had been grown during the past season, and beyond the meager store of grain left over from the previous year's harvest, there was no grain of any kind available anywhere. A world-wide famine was impending, and its sinister shadow already coming into being.

The animal kingdom was reduced to about the same state of existence. Nothing in the way of suitable food for their existence had been grown. Verily the next few months would bring a universal famine, in both the human and the animal kingdom. In the meantime the terrible winter months of 2004 passed away and the 1st of April was drawing nigh.

Every government had decided, thru a real fear of Martian Ray and by the pressure of public opinion, to fulfill Martian Ray's latest mandate—to disarm! The warships of every nation were being dispatched from their respective countries in plenty of time to reach Martian Ray's tryst in the North Atlantic by the 1st of April. Yes, every kind of a warship, from the submarine and destroyer to the mightiest superdreadnaught, was being sent there to meet its doom at the hands of the "king of the world."

Everybody now feared Martian Ray as they feared Satan. They had learned, to their sorrowful cost, that it was unwise and foolish to disobey him. It were better, by far, to make any sacrifice needed to do his every wish, than to disobey him.

CHAPTER XX.

MARTIAN RAY'S PLANS, FOR ONCE, MISCARRY.

THE fatal 1st of April was now but a few days away and already the North Atlantic Ocean was full of the world's naval shipping. A number of passenger liners were also there to take aboard the crews of the doomed warships. There were also present a few passenger ships full of passengers, who had paid fancy prices for their passage, who had come there to witness this greatest of all spectacles, namely, of sending to the bottom of the ocean every warship that was afloat on the waters of the world.

Moving picture manufacturers had chartered special ships to take their camera men to the scene where would presently take place the greatest spectacle in the history of the world.

The immediate neighborhood of the 50th parallel of north latitude and the 30th meridian of west longitude was certainly a lively and imposing scene at sunrise of April 1st, 2004. At dawn of that great day the sun rose up out of a fairly calm sea and into a clear, cloudless sky. Evidently all nature was in harmony with the coming performance.

Each ship in that greatest of all naval pageants flew its national ensign from its masthead. If it was going to be sunk it would at least go down with colors flying proudly and defiantly.

But, tho the appointed hour for the commencement of the naval execution had come, there was no executioner on the job. Martian Ray's submarine had not yet shown up. What had happened now? Had Martian Ray's plans miscarried in some manner? Was the wholesale destruction of all those naval vessels not to take place, after all? In the meantime, as the hours sped by, excitement and deadly suspense gripped every one on board those ships.

As the shades of night began to fall and the ships' lamps were lit, every one realized that something great, some great calamity, perhaps, had overtaken the submarine or Martian Ray himself. No one aboard those ships would take the initiative and open the ships' seacocks before Martian Ray's agent arrived on the scene to supervise the ceremony.

It was mutually agreed by those in command to linger there a few days and await developments, and then, if no one representing Martian Ray, appeared, steam back to their home ports.

At about sunrise next morning those developments began to be manifested; but in an entirely unexpected manner. At that hour Martian Ray was again in wireless communication with the world, and thru this medium he explained the nonappearance of his submarine at the appointed sea rendezvous. His message follows:

I regret to inform the world that my reigning days are over and done with. Therefore, let all those warships return to their home ports; for it would be unwise on my part to destroy them unless I continue to preside over the world as its sole ruler.

I had planned many things that were destined to uplift mankind, and otherwise make the world a more peaceful place to live in. But now that is all over and done with. I am dying, the power that I have been using and experimenting with has turned upon me and inflicted mortal injuries. My earthly days, therefore, are numbered; the wonder of it all is that I was not killed outright. However, I am glad that this happened before I had destroyed your navies.

I am now taking advantage of the few remaining hours that are left to me in writing out a complete history of my recent life and ambitions.

This manuscript of my history will be sent to a New York newspaper. It will be mailed from some convenient point by the commander of my submarine. And I request the said newspaper to publish the manuscript as soon after its receipt as possible.

If in the past the world has held me in the light of a terrible and deadly menace, it can now rest in peace and security for that menace has been, or soon will be, removed from this mundane world.

There is now no need for me to say anything more here as everything will be told in my history, and, besides, my strength is fast failing.

This, in all likelihood, will be my last wireless message to all nations, to all the world; therefore it is best that I now say a last farewell.

Good-by, and farewell forever, are the last wirelessed words sent to all people of the world by the one-time King of the World,

MARTIAN RAY.

This, then, explained the reason for the nonappearance of the mysterious submarine.

So, the redoubtable Martian Ray had at last met his "Waterloo"—his end. That very mystic power which he was master of had, according to his own statement, turned about and mortally wounded him, and just when he was about to perform his superclimax.

Surely the hand of an All-Wise and Almighty God must have at last taken hold of this deviiish being, Martian Ray, and cut short so abruptly his diabolical career of torturing and otherwise terrorizing poor earth-bound humanity.

So, that horrible, deadly terror and direful menace was now no more. And, the most that could be done by humanity as a whole, was for all nations and all creeds to offer up thanksgiving prayer to that Almighty God for having delivered mankind from the merciless clutches of the arch-fiend, the merciless and ever mysterious Martian Ray. Yes, let the whole world set aside a universal thanksgiving day for annual observance by all nations in fitting commemoration of the fall of Martian Ray, the one-time world-tyrant and world dictator.

* * * * * * *

The most disappointed and displeased people in the world at this particular time were those few thousands who had gone out to sea to witness that which did not happen—namely, the wanton destruction of the world's navies, under the direction of Martian Ray's agent. However, this mood was only a tempo-

(Continued on Page 24.)

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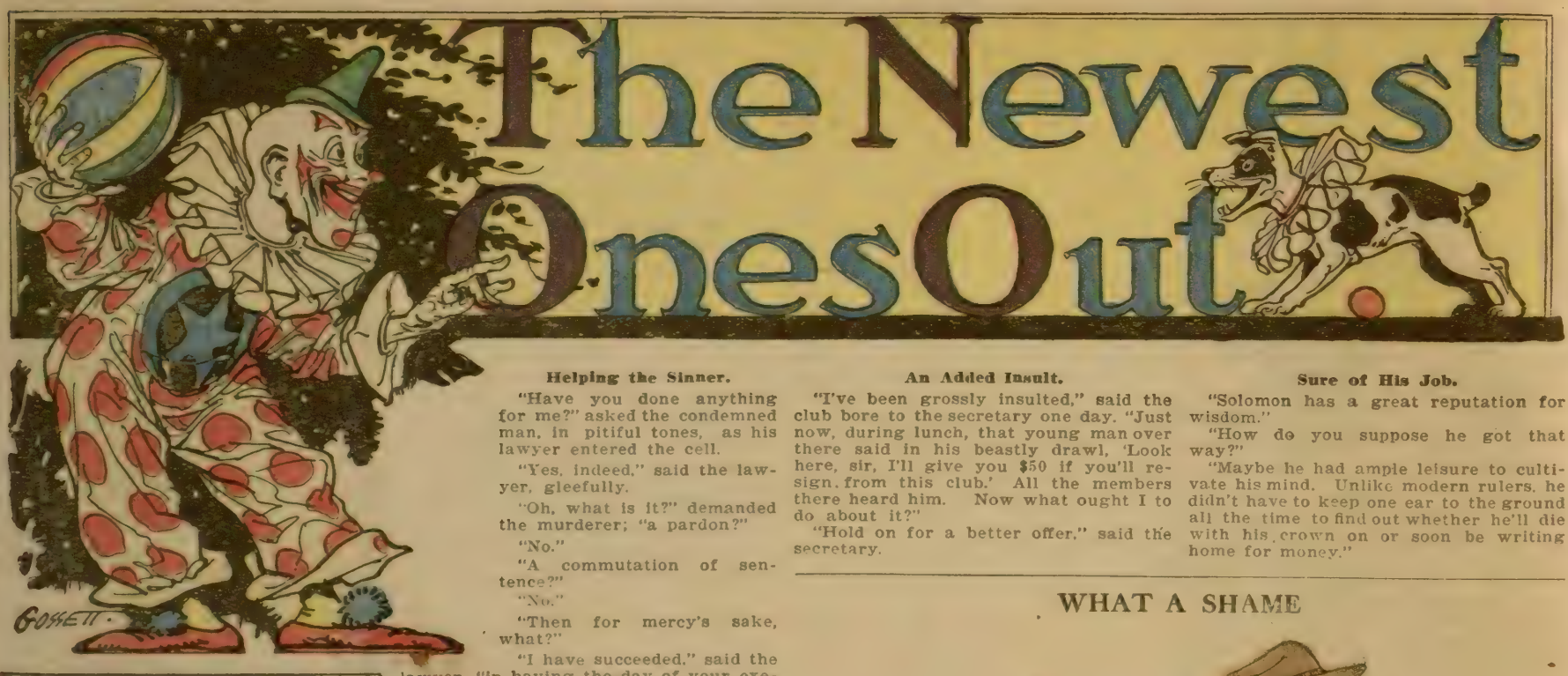


QUIETING THE PUPPY

WHEN Mary was 5 years old, she was given a puppy which she insisted on taking to bed with her. Next morning she was cross and tired. Her mother anxiously inquired if she had not slept well.

"No, mother," said Mary. "Brindle was crying all night for his mummy. So I stayed awake and made awful faces to make him think I was his bulldog muver."

At the Seashore.

Pa—My dear, please tell our daughter to sing something less doleful.

Ma—That's not Helen; that's the foghorn.

Wifey's Dowry.

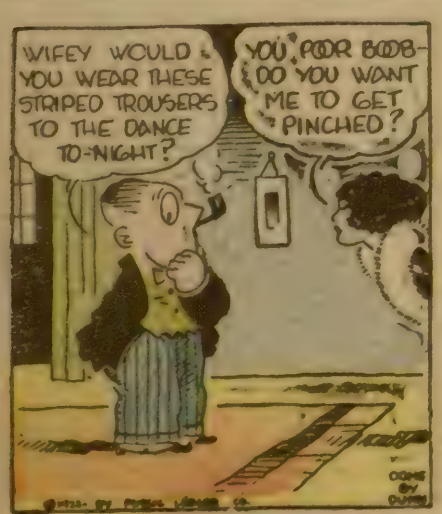
"Bragley's wife brought him quite a nice figure, didn't she?"

"Yes, so round and symmetrical."

"Oh, I don't mean that. I mean her dowry."

"That's what I mean. It was O."

SOLID IVORY



Helping the Sinner.

"Have you done anything for me?" asked the condemned man, in pitiful tones, as his lawyer entered the cell.

"Yes, indeed," said the lawyer, gleefully.

"Oh, what is it?" demanded the murderer; "a pardon?"

"No."

"A commutation of sentence?"

"No."

"Then for mercy's sake, what?"

"I have succeeded," said the lawyer, "in having the day of your execution changed from Friday to Thursday. Friday is an unlucky day, you know."

Mrs. Harris' Brood.

District Visitor (calling on Mrs. Harris, a new arrival in a certain village in England)—You seem to have a great many children, Mrs. Harris.

Mrs. Harris—Yes, mum; and what's more, all their names begins with haitch. There's 'Ubert, my eldest. Then comes 'Ilda, 'Arriet and 'Orace. Then there's 'Arold and 'Arry and 'Ector and 'Onoria. They're all haitches; all except the baby, and we christened 'er Holive.

PRELIMINARIES

"NOW, don't forget," said the lawyer who was coaching his fair client. "When I scratch my right ear that's a signal for you to faint."

"And if you rub your chin with your left hand that means I must burst into tears?"

"Yes, and—ahem—if you see me plucking at my right trouser leg it will indicate that the gentlemen of the jury have been sufficiently edified by the hosiery display, and you might change your attitude so they can concentrate their minds on the evidence."

Taking Profits Both Ways.

"Yes," said the pilgrim in the elderly overcoat with the bulging pockets, "him an' me is in partnership, but we don't do business together."

"How's that?"

"Why, he goes around sellin' a stove blackin' that leaves a stain on the fingers; I go around next day to the same houses with the only soap that'll take it off."

"To the Dead."

The following is a rhymed protest of a Brown University student against the study of a dead language. He pasted up on the university bulletin board these lines:

All are dead who spoke it,
All are dead who wrote it,
All are dead who learned it,
Blessed death! They earned it!

The Inquisitive Woman.

Mr. Pester—The Schapleighs are going to sell all their household effects at auction next week.

His Wife—I'm going around to bid on their parrot. I'd dearly love to know what they call each other in the privacy of their home.

A Second-story Man.

First Reporter—Is he on our side or the other. Am I to say he "addressed the meeting" or he "gave a harangue?"

Second Reporter—Neither. He's got no politics; he's an "also spoke."

MISUNDERSTOOD

A NUMBER of young women were taking lessons in fencing from a professional instructor.

"Now, mademoiselle," said the teacher to one girl to whom he had been trying to impart the first principles of fencing, "how would you use your foil if an opponent feinted?"

After due deliberation, the girl replied:

"I think I'd just tickle her with the point of it to see whether she was faking."

An Added Insult.

"I've been grossly insulted," said the club bore to the secretary one day. "Just now, during lunch, that young man over there said in his beastly drawl, 'Look here, sir, I'll give you $50 if you'll resign from this club.' All the members there heard him. Now what ought I to do about it?"

"Hold on for a better offer," said the secretary.

Sure of His Job.

"Solomon has a great reputation for wisdom."

"How do you suppose he got that way?"

"Maybe he had ample leisure to cultivate his mind. Unlike modern rulers, he didn't have to keep one ear to the ground all the time to find out whether he'll die with his crown on or soon be writing home for money."

WHAT A SHAME

The Maid—How can I marry you? You are already married!

Absent-minded Professor—Am I? Wait a bit. (Pulls out his note book.) Ah, yes, so I am!

MORE THAN WILLING

ALTHO he felt that in the course of his association with such an amiable lady as Miss Mandy Smiff he had made no exceedingly slight impression, Mr. Rastus Rasorstrop felt that he did not have the courage to ask her face to face to be "hisn" for life. So he determined to do this by means of telephone, and forthwith called up the residence at which his ladylove was employed. "Is dat you, Miss Smiff?" he asked when someone made reply.

"Ya-as, dis here's me," warbled back across the wire.

"Well, Miss Smiff, I has a mos' peticklah question to ax ob you ef I mout."

"G'long dar, niggah," came the reply. "What you done wanter ax me?"

"Dar now. I'se done gwine say it, Miss Mandy. Will yo' hab me fo' yo' husban'?"

"Ya-as, cos' I will," replied the dusky maid, and then asked interestedly, "Who is you, anyhow?"

Pinzza Persiflage.

"Last Tuesday evening," writes Miss K. M., "we were sitting on the piazza when mother remarked, 'I wonder why the mosquitoes are so bad tonight?'

"'I guess you've forgotten, ma,' said my brother, who is full of fun, 'it's the first of the month and every one presents their bills, you know.'"

Superiority Conceded.

"Why should men pretend to be superior to women?"

"They shouldn't, at all," replied Miss Cayenne, "and to be perfectly candid in the matter, I don't recall one who actually made the attempt."

The Brains of Rastus.

Rastus and Moses were having a heated argument. In reply to some remark of Rastus, Mose said:

"Guess I know, niggah! Don't you think I'se got any brains?"

"Huh!" Rastus replied, "Niggah, if brains were dynamite, you couldn't blow off your hat!"

He Knew What It Was.

Teacher—Does any one know what a bison is?

London Boy—What I 'as my bread-and-milk in.

Mysterious Thought.

She—What are you thinking about?

He—Just what you're thinking about

She—If you do I'll scream!

Can Make It Hot for You.

"One swallow doesn't make a summer."

"No; but one swallow the kind they're selling around here'll make it hot for you all right."

Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

(Continued From Page 4)

Bayne Trevors," she blazed at him. "You know who I am, all right. Send for Sunny Harper," she ended sharply.

"Discharged three months ago," Trevors told her with a show of teeth.

"Johnny Hodge, then," she commanded. "Or Tod Bruce or Bing Kelley. They all know me."

"Fired long ago, all of them," laughed Trevors, "to make room for competent men."

"To make room for more crooks!" she cried, her own brown hands balled into fists scarcely less hard than Trevors' had been. Then for the third time she turned upon Lee. "You are one of his new thieves, I suppose?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bud Lee gravely.

"Well, answer me. Are you?"

"No, ma'am," he told her, with no hint of a twinkle in his calm eyes. "Leastwise, not his exactly. You see, I do all my killing and highway robbing on my own hook. It's just a way I have."

"Well," Judith sniffed, "I don't know. It will be a jolt to me if there's a square man left on the ranch! Go down to the bunk-house and tell the cook I'm here and I'm hungry as a wild cat. Tell him and any of the boys that are down there that I've come to stay and that Trevors is fired. They take orders from me and no one else. And hurry, if you know how. Goodness knows, you look as tho it would take you half an hour to turn around!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bud Lee. "But you see I had just told Trevors here he could count me out. I'm not working for the Blue Lake any more. As I go down to the corral, shall I send up one of the boys to take your orders?"

THERE was a little smile under the last words, just as there was a little smile in Bud Lee's heart at the thought of the boys taking orders from a little slip of a girl. Inside he was chuckling, vastly delighted with the comedy of the morning.

"She's a sure-enough little wonderbird, all right," he mused. "But, say, what does she want to butt in on a man's-size job for, I want to know?"

"Lee," called Trevors, "you take orders from me or no one on this ranch. You can go now. And just keep your mouth shut."

Bud Lee stood there in the doorway, his hat spinning upon a brown forefinger, his thoughts his own. He was turning to go out and down to his horse when he saw the look in Trevors' eye, a look of consuming rage. The general manager's voice had been hoarse.

"I guess," said Lee quietly, "that I'll stick around until you two get thru quarreling. I might come in handy somehow."

"D—n you," shouted Trevors, "get out!"

"Cut out the swear-words, Trevors," said Lee with quiet sternness. "There's a lady here."

"Lady!" scoffed Trevors. He laughed contemptuously. "Where's the lady? That?" and he leveled a scornful finger at the girl. "A ranting rough of a female who brings a breath of the stables with her and scolds like a fishwife. . . ."

"Shut up!" said Lee, crossing the room with quick strides, his face thrust forward a little.

"You shut up!" It was Judith's voice as Judith's hand fell upon Bud Lee's shoulder, pushing him aside. "If I couldn't take care of myself do you think I'd be fool enough to take over a job like running the Blue Lake? Now—" and with blazing eyes she confronted Trevors— "if you've got any more nice little things to say, suppose you say them to me!"

Trevors' temper had had ample provocation and now stood naked and hot in his hard eyes. In a blind instant he laid his tongue to a word which would have sent Bud Lee at his throat. But Judith stood between them and, like an echo to the word, came the resounding slap as Judith's open palm smote Trevors' cheek.

"You wildcat!" he cried. And his two big hands flew out, seeking her shoulders.

"Stand back!" called Judith. "Just because you are bigger than I am, don't make any mistake! Stand back, I tell you!"

Bud Lee marveled at the swiftness with which her hand had gone into her blouse and out again, a small-caliber revolver in the steady fingers now. He had never known a man—himself possibly excepted—quicker at the draw.

But Bayne Trevors, from whose makeup cowardice had been omitted, laughed sneeringly at her and did not stand back. His two hands out before him, his face crimson, he came on.

"Fool!" cried the girl. "Fool!"

Still he came on. Lee gathered himself to spring.

Judith fired. Once, and Trevors' right arm fell to his side. A second time, and Trevors' left arm hung limp like the other. The crimson was gone from his face now. It was dead white. Little beads of sweat began to form on his brow.

Lee turned astonished eyes to Judith.

"Now you know who's running this outfit, don't you?" she said coolly. "Lee, have a team hitched up to carry Trevors wherever he wants to go. He's not hurt much; I just winged him. And then tell the cook about my breakfast."

But Lee stood and looked at her. He had no remark to offer. Then he turned to go upon her bidding. As he went down to the bunk-house he said softly under his breath: "Well, I'm d—n. I most certainly am!"

CHAPTER III.

AND RIDES AN OUTLAW.

WRINKLED, grizzled old half-breed Jose, his hands trembling with eagerness, stood in the smaller rose-garden culling the perfect buds, a joyous tear running its zigzag way down each cheek.

"La senorita ees come home!" he announced triumphantly as Lee drew near on his way to the bunkhouse. "Jesus Maria! Een my heart it is like the singing of leetle birdies, already—no?"

Bud Lee paused. "So you know Miss Sanford then?" he asked.

Jose threw out his hands and opened his night-black eyes to their most enormous extent. "Do I know God?" he domanded.

"Well," smiled Bud, "as to that——"

"But, senor," cried the devout Jose, like on holy days I feel that Dios comes to sit down in the corner of my heart, so without seeing la senorita I know she ees come home! She ees in the air like the light of sun, like the sweetness of my roses!"

"You've known her a long time, Joe?"

"Seence she ees born!" and Jose, unashamed, wiped away a tear upon the back of a leathery hand. "Senor Sanford and me, senor, we teach her when she ees so leetle!" Jose's shaking hand was lowered until it marked the stature of a twelve-inch pigmy. In all things must the old fellow gain his emphasis by exaggeration which more often than not took the form of plain lying. "Never at all unteel one year ago does she leave us and the rancho. We, us two who love her, senor, learn her to walk and to ride and to shoot and to talk. You shall hear her say, 'Buenos dias, Jose, mi amigo!' You shall see her kees the cheek of old Jose."

Again his leathery hand was put in requisition, this time to wipe clean the cheek to be honored.

"And one theeng I tell you, senor," he added confidentially. "Her papa was a wild devil before her. Her mamma ees grow up on the ranch, and when she marry el senor Sanford was like a wild boy. And mi senorita, she ees the cross between a wild devil and a sweet saint, senor! Madre de Dios! I would go down to hell for her to bring back fire to warm her leetle feet een weenter!"

Lee went thoughtfully on his way to the bunk-house. The cook, an importation of Bayne Trevors, a big, upstanding fellow with bare arms covered with flour, was putting on the breakfast to which a dozen rough-garbed men were sitting down.

"I've got orders for you fellows," said Lee from the doorway. "The boss of the outfit, the real owner, you know, just blew in. Up at the house. Says you boys are to stick around to take orders straight from headquarters. You, Benny," to the cook, "are to have a man's size breakfast ready in a jiffy."

Naturally Benny led the clamor with a string of oaths. What in blazes did the owner of the ranch have to show up for anyway?—he wanted to know. He accepted the fact as a personal affront. Who was this owner?—demanded Ward Hannon, the foreman of the lower ranch, where the alfalfa fields were.

But Lee explained gravely that the newcomer was some sort of relative of

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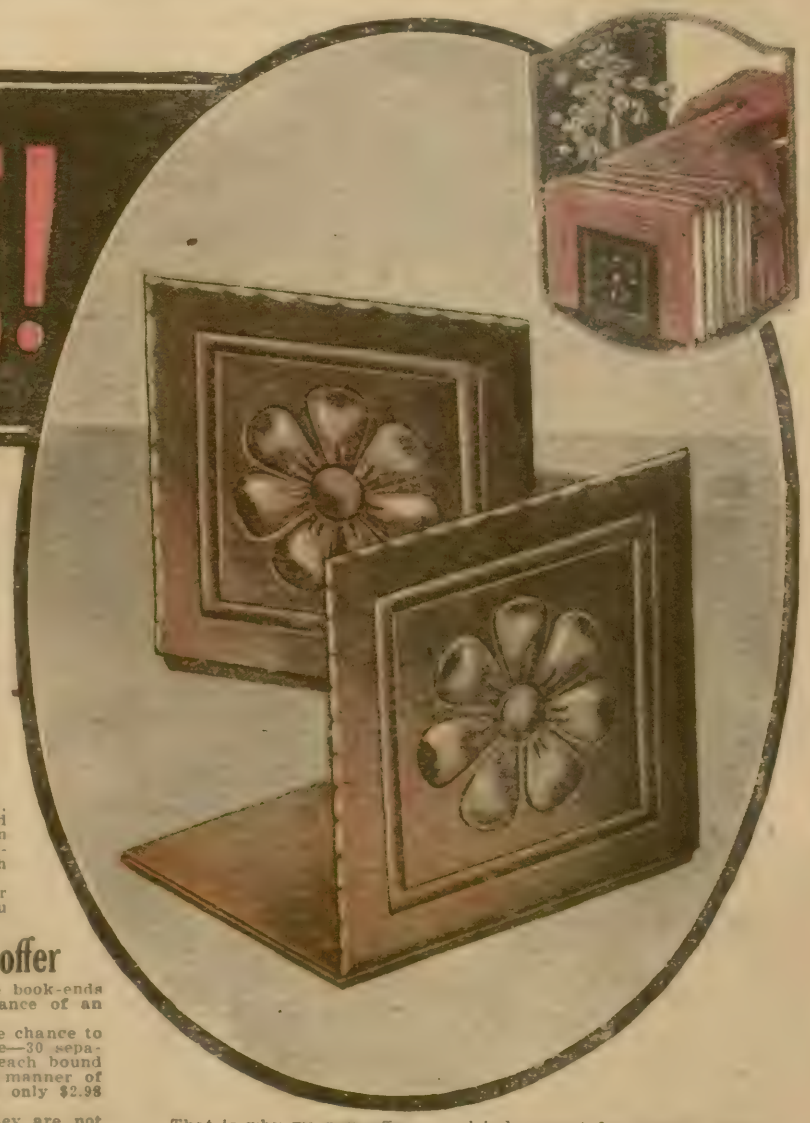

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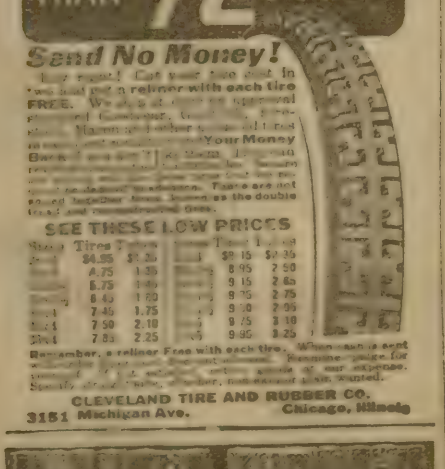

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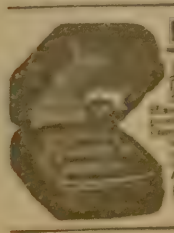

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fear in his heart, was watching her.

"Look out for him now!" he called warningly.

In truth the Prince had not yet begun. He had tried a trick which would have unseated any but one who rode well. He knew that he had to do with something more than a rank amateur.

Now he plunged toward the corral, his purpose plain, the one desire in his heart to crush his rider against the high fence. But Judith's spurs answered him, and the bit, savage in his jaws, brought him about, whirling, sidling, striking, bucking as only a strong, fearless, devil-hearted horse knows how to buck. He doubled up under her; he rose and fell in a quick series of short jumps which tore and jerked at her body, which strove to tear her knees away from his sides and break the grip of her hand on the reins. But it seemed to the men watching that the girl knew before the horse which way he would jump, that she knew how to sway her body with his so that she and he were not two separate beings, but just one, moving together in some mad devil's dance. The Prince, in the midst of the vicious bucking, tried to rear, seeking to throw himself backward; a quick, sharp blow of a loaded quirt between his ears brought his forefeet back to earth.

"Can she ride!" whispered Bud Lee. "I want to know!"

Again the maddened Prince reared and again she brought him to earth. Again he resumed the terribly tearing series of short, sharp bucks. And still, her hair tumbling, blown about her shoulders, she rode him.

Old Carson was muttering and pulling at his lip nervously. Out of the corner of his mouth in a voice that was almost a whimper, he kept cursing and saying to Ward Hannon: "You skunk! You ornery skunk! Hunt your hole after this!"

Suddenly, with a quick concerted action of spur, whip and rein, Judith swung the Prince about so that he was headed for the open valley, running toward the west, giving him his head only a little, driving him. He broke into a thundering run, snorting as, with mane and tail flying, he dashed thru the men who fell away from his furious rush. And as he ran, Judith spurred him so that his only thought lay in running away from the menace upon his back.

"She ain't giving him time to buck!" laughed old Carson hysterically. "Mamma! Ain't she sure enough—God! She's goin' to get a fall."

For the horse and rider had come to the wide irrigating ditch which, since Judith Sanford had lived here, had been constructed to carry the water of Blue Lake River down to the alfalfa fields. She saw it when she was too close to swerve.

The men watching saw her lean forward in the saddle, gather her reins, lift her whip. Then the lifted whip came down, the spurs touched the Prince's sweating sides, the big horse leaped far and clear of the ditch and there floated back Judith's laughter.

Three minutes later she rode back to the bunk-house and slipped from the saddle. Bud Lee, going to her, had his hat in his hand.

"Now, Ward," she said quickly, her breathing hurried, her cheeks red, "what do you say?"

"I said I'd stick if you rode him," muttered Ward. "And——"

"And," cried the girl with quick passion, "I'll tell you something. You're a great big lumbering coward! Stick with me?" She laughed again, a new laugh, ringing with her scorn. "Here's your outlaw; I've gentled him a .bit. You ride him!"

His fellows laughed at Ward; for the field foreman was no horseman and the timorous way in which he had brought out this snapping, vicious animal had testified to the fact. He drew back now, muttering.

"Ride him!" cried Judith, her voice stinging him. "Ride him or get off the ranch! Which is it?"

Ward Hannon, glad of the opening, answered surlily: "Aw! think I want to take orders off'n a woman? You're right, I'll get off'n the ranch!"

"That's two down," said Judith. "Now, take this horse back to the stable; I'm going up to the office. You men come there in five minutes. If you want to stay, and are worth your salt, you can. Or I'll give you your time. It's up to you; it's a free country. But——" and she said it slowly, confronting them—"if you all throw me down and leave me short-handed without giving me time to take on another set of men, you are a pretty low-lived bunch!"

Then, without turning, she went swiftly to the ranch-house. Old man Carson wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"I remember hearing about Luke Sanford's girl," he said simply. "This is her, all right."

CHAPTER IV.
JUDITH PUTS IT STRAIGHT.

"OLD man" Carson—so-called thru lack of courtesy and because of the sprinkling of gray thru his black hair, a man of perhaps 45—filled an unthinkably disreputable pipe with his own conception of "real tobacca" and chuckled so that the second match was required before he was ready to say his say.

"You just listen to me, you boys!" he said. "I worked with the Down River outfit a year before Trevors sent me word he had a job open here at better pay. That's only seventy-five miles, and news does percolate, give it time. None of you fellers ever saw old Luke Sanford."

"I'd been working here close to two weeks when he got killed," Bud said as Carson's twinkling eyes went from face to face. "I got my job straight from him, not Trevors."

"That's so," said Carson. "Well, Bud knows the sort Luke Sanford was. He was dead and buried when I came to the Blue Lake, but I'd saw him twice and heard of him more times than that. Quiet man that 'tended to his own business and didn't say so all-fired much 'less he was stirred up. And then——" He whistled his meaning. "A fighter. All he ever got he fought for. All he ever held on to he fought for. He bucked Western Lumber for a dozen years, first and last. And, by cripes, he nailed their durned hides on his stable door, too!

"Well, I heard tell about this same Luke Sanford ten years ago and more—about him and his little girl. From what folks said I guess there never was a man wanted a boy-baby worse'n Luke Sanford before Judith come. And I guess there never was a man put more stock in his own flesh and blood than Luke did in her as soon as he got used to her being a she. I don't know just exactly how old she was ten years ago, women folks being so all-fired tricky in the looks of their ages, but I'd say she was 8 or 9 or 10 or 11 years old. Anyhow, Luke had took her in hand already."

"Taught her to ride, huh?" asked one of the men.

"You're shouting, Poker Face," nodded Carson with vehemence. "He sure did! Why, that girl's rid real horses since she was the size of a pair of boots. Luke took her everywhere he went, up in the mountains, over the Big Ridge, down valley-ways, into town when he went off on his yearly. And they say Luke wasn't no poky rider, either. You've rode his string, Bud? What are those for horses, huh?"

"I'm a little particular when it comes to a saddle-horse," Bud admitted. "But I never asked any better than old Sandford's string."

"You hear him!" said Carson. "Well, that Judy girl has rid horses like them for a dozen years. And her dad—anyway, folks say so down on the river—showed her his way to ride and his way to shoot and his way to play cards! I guess," and he spoke with slow thoughtfulness, "that she's a real chip off'n the old block. It's my guess number two that she ain't just shooting off her face promiscuous when she says there's something crooked in the deal Trevors has been handing her. And, third bet, there's most likely going to be seven kinds of hell popping around this end of the woods for a spell."

"What are you doing about it, Carson?" asked the man whose unusually vacuous expression gave him his name of Poker Face. "Stick on the job or quit?"

"Me?" Carson sought a match, and when he had found it, held it long in his grimy fingers, staring at it thoughtfully.

"Me stay an' let a she girl boss me? Wall, it ain't the play a man might look to me to make, an' I ain't saying it's the trick I'd do every day in the week. But here there's some things to set a man scratching his head: she's a winner, all right, an' I'm the first man to up an' say so. She's got the sand an' she's got the savvy. Take 'em together an' they make what you call gumption. Sure it ain't no woman's job to step in an' run an outfit like this one; a woman ain't nacherally cut out for that sort of thing any more'n a man is to darn socks an' drink tea with lemon in it. Again, tipping it over so's you can look at the other side, like a fair man ought to, what's she going to do? She lands here sudden, striking all four feet in a mess of trouble. She grabs holt of things, seeing they belong to her in a way, an' seeing she's fed Trevors his time. I might go

(Continued on Page 22.)

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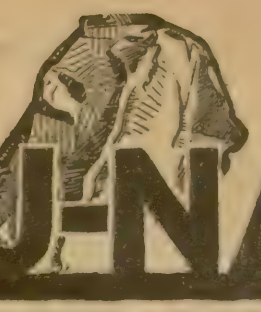

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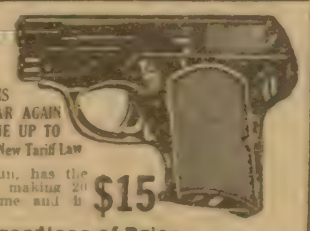

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Of **Chicago Ledger**, published weekly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1922, State of Illinois, County of Cook (ss.). Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. G. Reynolds, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Circulation Manager of the **Chicago Ledger**, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. D. Boyce Company, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Editor, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Managing Editor, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Business Manager, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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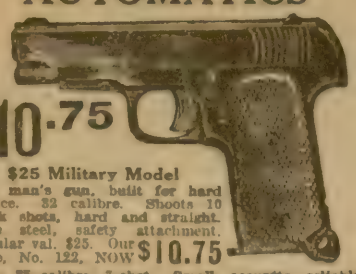

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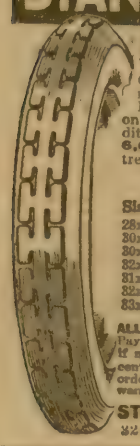

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The Executioner Dog

(Concluded From Page 6)

kicked her away from the pan and tied her up. That shows what a man has to contend with in a position like mine."

The warden couldn't stop to say any more, and it was a good thing, because he couldn't have helped noticing something if he had. He jumped on his horse and went flying back to the penitentiary.

"Quick!" Mrs. Pride kept her head even then. "Quick, Arbutus. You are the only one that can save us now. I wrenched my ankle on the way back, and I can hardly take a step. Run, girl, run to the prison. Give that hound this cherry. Pat her and put it in her mouth. You know how she loves candy. Put this right in her mouth. If any one sees you, say that I ordered you to do it. No one can harm you. Give her the cherry."

"I will, Mis' Pride. I will ef flesh an' blood kin do it," hollered Arbutus.

"Run, girl. Run, then, and Heaven give you wings," cried Mrs. Pride.

Arbutus ran. Mrs. Pride stood holding by one of the porch pillars and strained her eyes after her. Miss Mariana crawled out on her hands and knees to watch. She had the most terrible expression, and kept gasping and choking as if she was running instead of Arbutus. I was grabbing the porch railing and just as worked up as any of them. It seemed like Arbutus was just crawling, and yet one could see by the way her bandanna bobbed up and down that she was doing her best.

Arbutus was a big, fat, black woman, with feet like a frog, and they spraddled out of both sides of her, and she worked with her hands as if she was swimming. Every now and then she'd step on some rough place and have to run to one side of the road and lose a lot of time. When those things happened I could hear Mrs. Pride grit her teeth and shake the pillar. Miss Mariana just kept up a kind of low gurgling. She didn't get up. She just laid there propped up on her hands with her feet inside the door.

THERE was a dip in the road about a quarter of a mile from the cottage, and Arbutus went out of sight over the rise. It seemed like she was gone forever. Pretty soon, tho, there come the red speck going up the other side. The colored woman was still running at a slow trot. I tell you she was a game runner, old Arbutus was. We could see her plain against the light yellow road. It was quite a pull up the slope, and she begun to flag. I could notice her wobble and stumble. Half-way up she stepped on a stone and down she went.

Mrs. Pride gave a shriek. Arbutus didn't seem to be hurt, but she was a long time pawing around to get herself right side up, and then she ran slower yet, with one hand to her side. At the top she stopped and sat down on a prairie-dog house. She mopped her face with her apron and fanned herself with her big, black hands, and I could almost see her panting. Then she took off her shoes and dumped the sand out of them.

This was the last straw with Mrs. Pride, who had been talking to herself pretty continuous for some time.

"Merciful heavens," she hollered out. "Isn't that just like that woman? Look at her taking time now to rest and fix herself up. Mariana, you'd better run out there to her and carry her a sandwich and a glass of lemonade and a palm-leaf fan." Mrs. Pride jumped to the door and took a flash at the clock. I'd had my eye on it all along. "Oh!" she shrieked. "It's three minutes to 12. Oh! Oh! Oh! He's lost! He's lost!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" echoes Mariana, six or seven tones higher and louder. I guess Arbutus heard. She got on her feet and started again, scrambling and pawing.

"Two minutes!" cries the madam. "A minute and a half! One minute! Oh, run, Arbutus, run! Half a minute! Oh, let the prison clock be slow! Just one little minute! Run, Arbutus! O, Lord, let it be just one minute slow! Ah-h-h-h——"

We all seen it at the same time. It was the cloud of steam from the prison whistle.

Crack! The sound of a shot come to us ahead of the sound of the whistle. Arbutus was a hundred yards from the gate.

There was nothing more for us to do. Miss Mariana got herself into her room and laid down on her bed. Her mother pulled down the shades and covered her with a blanket. She even stopped the clock so that its ticking wouldn't disturb Miss Mariana.

By and by along come the warden. He was looking pretty comfortable, and it was plain that everything had gone all right, and that there was a load off his mind.

"How about lunch?" he says, as he stepped in the door. "Got room for company?"

"I'm afraid lunch will have to be a very quiet affair here today," says the madam very solemn. "Mariana has one of her frightful sick headaches."

"Dash it all," says the warden. "It seems like it must be always that way with girls. Here I've got young George Brouwer coming to lunch with us and now Mariana's got to go and be sick again."

"Young George Brouwer," says Mrs. Pride, like she seen a ghost.

"Yes." The warden rubbed his hands. "That boy just escaped by the skin of his teeth. I was tolerable sure there would be a pardon, but I had to have everything ready just the same. The pardon was late coming; if it had been thirty seconds later they might as well have saved the price of the telegram. I was watching the clock when my orderly run in the door yelling, 'Here's the pardon.' Carlotta had just drawn her hind legs under her ready to jump, and there was only one thing to do. I pulled my gun and shot her dead. If I'd a missed we wouldn't have Brouwer eating with us today."

There was a happy party set down to lunch, and old Arbutus showed all the teeth in her head every time she limped in with things from the pantry. The only one that was regretful was Warden Pride. He kept on telling anecdotes about the intelligence and faithfulness of Carlotta, so that any one would have thought he'd shot one of his best friends.

of trouble. Nina had asked him about Dan and he had reassured her. None of them had dared to ask him about Mortimer, nor had they asked him about the fate of Lady Khorassen nor the activities of the camp.

And thus with weary watching over the half-conscious Julia they spent that horrible day. Servants came and went with food and tea and water, but they asked no questions of these. There are situations too appalling for the human mind to attempt to grapple with, and the Americans were in such a situation. How bad it really was [illegible] did not know [illegible] heat, the howling of the [illegible] heard in the lull [illegible], was like nothing but a nightmare.

The same thought was in the mind of all three of the Mortimers: "Oh, for Dr. Rhook here again, or for Dan McDonough—brave, bluff, efficient Dan. They had one and all come to look upon Harold as lost, or as good as lost, since their last news of him was that he intended to pursue the Prussian thru that storm.

As for Julia, as she lay swooning on the hot sand in the howling darkness, not knowing how long she had lain thus, but feeling herself slowly buried, she began to hear a voice, a very deep and kindly voice, speaking above her, and she felt gentle arms placed about her and felt herself lifted to an upright position. At the change of position she fainted dead away. But presently she heard that voice again:

"My daughter, what is this that you are doing? Do you wish to die? Think, are there no ties to hold you to this world? Are there no loved ones, no friends to whom you owe a duty? Have you considered the injustice that your suicide might do? It is pride, my daughter, and not love, that has so driven you forth. If you love, you will wish to remain in the world and serve those whom you love. I, who am an old man, tell you this. Not love, but wounded pride, and selfish hate has driven you to this act. Return with me to the tent of Iben ben Mortimer. Remain there with your friends till the simoon has passed, and then wiser counsel will prevail with you. Come, I will help you to walk. It is only a little way. Come."

The girl had answered nothing, but had obeyed like a little child.

How had the old man found her there? Who knows? Perhaps that clairvoyant power of his had led him in the darkness more clearly than any eyes could have led him to her in the light. At any rate he had found her there in the dark-

(Continued on Page 20.)

Welding the Black Menace

(Continued From Page 7)

McDonough, he promised Mortimer that he would remain behind, and at the first moment it was possible to take the air he and Dawkings would start in the biplane they had saved and do their best to find the Lady Khorassen. McDonough had not yet told young Mortimer that his father and sister and Julia Wentworth were prisoners in the oasis, and he had no way of guessing whether or not Mortimer knew they were there, but he was determined to remain near them till all danger of murder and mutiny seemed past. The fate of the triplane was a matter of conjecture, but Dan had some hope that it might have ridden to safety somewhere above the storm.

It is indescribable, the setting forth of that forlorn army in the storm. A wild mob of howling fanatics they were. There were less than a hundred horses, and the camels balked and absolutely refused to budge. The poor beasts, mere shadows of their former selves, remained kneeling in the sand with noses buried and refused to rise. So at last a hundred horsemen and less than four hundred men on foot set forth. There was slight semblance to military order about their movements. Mortimer on a spirited Arabian bay dashed along the front, looking after everything at once. Sidi ben Jamil rode with the infantry, which was to set out in something like mass formation for the sake of the partial protection that their bodies would afford one another in the simoon. Sifert, as Mortimer's lieutenant, rode with the cavalry. They had one advantage, by the direction they were to march they had the howling hot wind at their back to push them along.

They marched with very little clothing upon them and none in their pack, barefooted for speed, with very little food, but with four canteens of water to the man—this was Mortimer's idea. They could not go far, this he knew, and he likewise knew that they could not move at all as an army without a plentiful supply of water. For the rest all the oxen that could walk or pull a water cart were strung in behind with light loads of water, food and blankets.

Thus that rabble set forth into the desert in the simoon; rather it vanished from the village and disappeared, swallowed by the blinding dust like the mirage of an army, a horde of ghosts of soldiers long dead in the desert. Dr. Rhook watched them vanish and sighed. Big hearty Dan McDonough watched them vanish and wept.

Meanwhile in the tent given over to the Americans three anxious faces stooped in the semi-darkness above the divan where the pale Julia lay, and spoke only in awed whispers. In the darkness, long before the dawn that little party had been frightened from their fitful sleep by the voice of Dr. Rhook, asking for admission. They had come to the door and found him there supporting the fainting Julia. What had happened, what she had done or attempted to do, they did not know and could only guess. But they guessed pretty accurately. Dr. Rhook had told them simply that he had found her outside in the storm and had brought her in; that he was forced to leave them for the time being, but would return to their assistance at the earliest possible moment.

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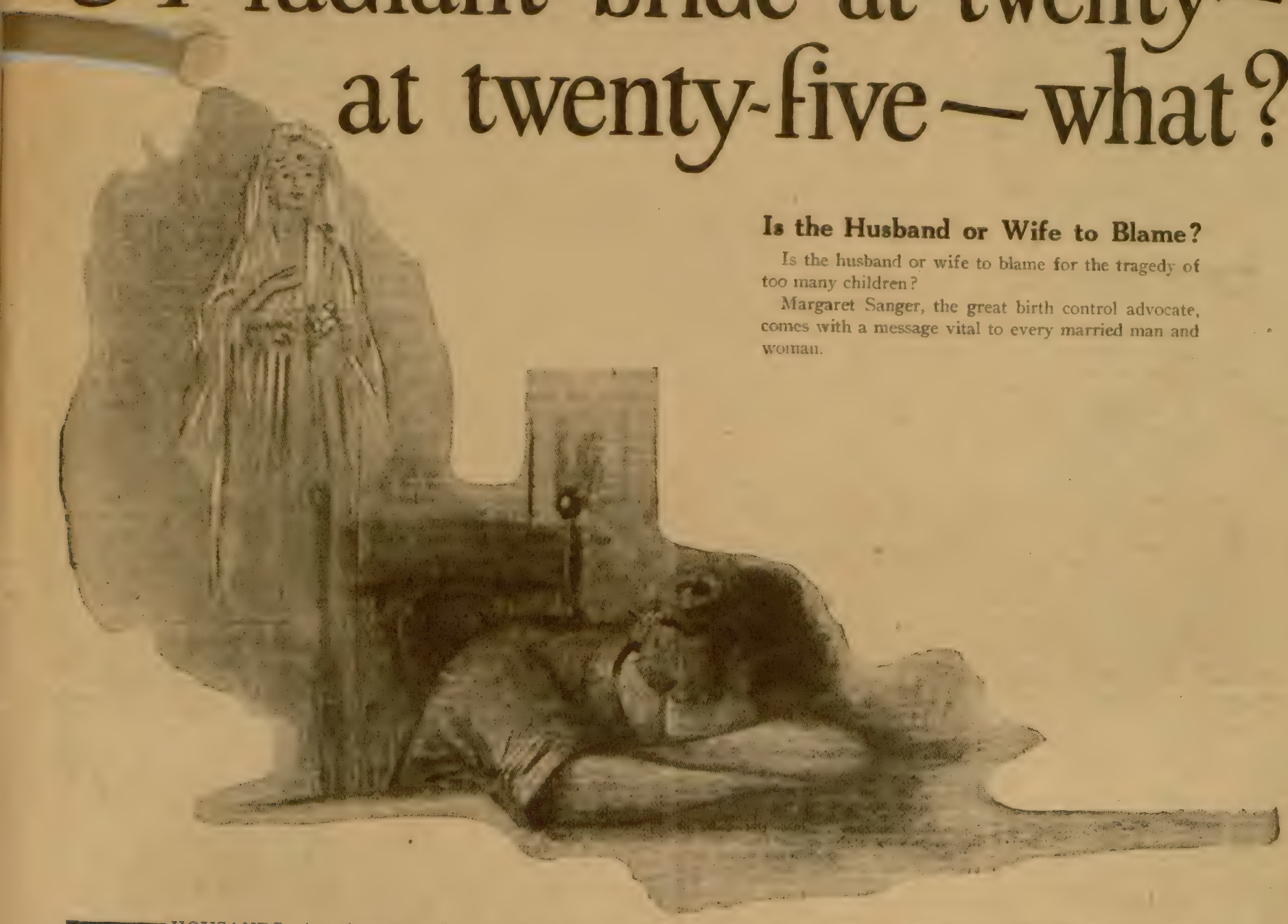

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Welding the Black Menace

(Continued From Page 18)

ness and taken her safely to the tent of the Mortimers.

Again conscious, she now seemed in an unreal world, yet her brain was working clearly, and clearly she remembered the words of the venerable old man: "It is pride, not love, that is driving you into this action. Is there not some loved one for whom you can go on living?" She began to see clearly at last that the old man's words were true as truth itself. Why should she add to Harold Mortimer's difficulties when he was already in the deepest trouble? Why should she add to the anxiety of Mrs. and Mr. Mortimer and poor Nina when they were already in such a horrible situation? She had been a coward, she realized that now, and was determined henceforth to be a Wentworth worthy of the name.

So all day long she lay in the dun twilight of that suffocating tent and mused and dreamed. But as the day passed her resolution, and she ended every again wanted to die, to pass away quietly and be entirely out of the way. In vain she tried to rally her resolution. She made a picture in her mind of helping to nurse the wounded who would doubtless soon be coming in. She was resolved to do what she could to help Harold Mortimer and to reproach him with nothing if they met. But the heat and her weakness were too much for her resolution, and she ending every thought with the feeling: "Oh, I want to die. I want to be completely out of the way."

CHAPTER XV.

MEANWHILE what was the fate of that forlorn army of avengers and their weary leaders? They marched steadily on thru blinding clouds of sand, always keeping in close touch one with another lest any detachment stray off and be lost. They could naturally move much faster than the slowest unit of the organization, the ox carts. So they killed the weakest oxen and pulled the carts themselves; and when night came down and put a stop to their march, they had covered a great distance. Man after man, especially of the Europeans among them, had fallen out and were now slowly beating back toward camp in ox carts.

And there was no decent bivouac for the night. The men lay in a little ravine, partly protected from the wind, and panting in the fearful heat. They drank of their water too freely in spite of the repeated warnings of their officers.

But with the first light of the second day—a day no better than the first—they were up and on the march once more. This was a forced march, because unless they reached the wells of Ghadames by night of the third day, or a little after, their officers knew they must all die of thirst. The simoon was if possible increasing in intensity. The coppery gleams of the day before had now given way to a dun twilight, in which men sweated and panted and fainted and went mad with sheer desert thirst.

The men at the rear goaded the oxen to the best possible speed, and when the oxen gave out unyoked them and hitched themselves to the water carts and trudged onward. What a picture of war for a painter. A horde of ghastly creatures enshrouded in clouds of dust, tongues lolling out, eyes red and wellnigh popping from their heads; disheveled, weary to the point of dropping, but clutching their weapons with a murderous purpose, the purpose of rescue and revenge. Those who dropped out now were left to die where they fell. It was too far to take them back, the army was too much encumbered already to try to carry them forward.

To this forlorn horde, in the deeping twilight of the third day of the simoon, ran the word. "Ghadames is just ahead! Courage! Get your pieces ready! The city of the Berbers is just ahead."

And then suddenly, in the deepening twilight, the advance guard of horsemen, with Sifert and Mortimer riding ahead, were fired upon by men lying ambushed among low sand hummocks. They fell back, leaving their wounded to the mercy of the enemy.

Then it was that the cheering word ran all along the line. "The enemy at last! The Berbers! Ghadames! Water! Water at last! Fight, men! You are fighting for water and for the honor of El Jamil!"

The entire army spread out fanwise, but still almost touching elbows. They could not shout, they were too far gone with thirst for that, but they charged forward at a run. The machine gunners—they had only two French mitreillueses—kept to the front, ready to set up their tripods and lay down a barrage as soon as they should come into the enemy's range.

They were not long contacting with the enemy. Their first knowledge was a deadly fire, deliberate, accurate, taking a cruel toll of spent men. The wind which had been at their back all day suddenly fell off and the air cleared, which they would have observed if any of them had had time to observe anything. The clouds of dust began to settle, the sky to clear.

In that new light the enemy had them silhouetted against the western horizon; had them at a distinct disadvantage. But nothing could give pause to these maddened Algerians and equally maddened Frenchmen. They charged forward, using their pieces as they came, and the Berbers broke and fled back toward Ghadames, which now appeared mystically in the growing light of the western heavens, a fairy city, more like a mirage than a reality.

The sight was an inspiration to the thirst-maddened Algerians. The Berbers rallied and tried to make a second stand. They, too, had machine guns, furnished them by the wily Prussian. But neither a machine gun nor anything else could now stop the onrush of the tribesmen of El Jamil. In less time than it takes to tell it the horsemen of the tribe, led by Mortimer and Bud Sifert, were hacking their way into the mudwalled streets of the town with their broad scimeters, and making a place about the great fountain square for their followers on foot.

Then in the red light of the setting sun, which turned everything to the color of blood, the Algerians fought from street to street. Every one found in their path they either shot or bayoneted. They entered the houses and murdered the inhabitants. They broke into harems among screaming women and cut even the women down. The Algerian, like the Moroccan, is an absolute savage when his blood is up, and these fanatics had had enough to enrage them.

Harold Mortimer was wounded in several places and grew weak from the loss of blood; but he went right on leading his troops. He was a madman, but an efficient madman with the military instinct and training—and he knew whom and what he sought.

Finally amide the furious killing Sidi ben Jamil clutched him by the arm.

"Look Iben ben Mortimer," he cried, "look above."

A HEAVY drone filled the air. Sidi ben Jamil, Lady Khorassen's cousin, was beside himself with excitement. A biplane was circling in the air above them. There were two occupants, a man and a woman. Mortimer groaned. He felt himself grow dizzy with emotion and the effort of looking upward. Then to the west, against the clear, coppery western sky he saw anothef plane appear.

The second plane began to pursue the first—with remarkable speed. The driver in the first plane, evidently seeing no escape in a straight away flight, began to climb, spiraling upward. The second plane also began to climb. Harold Mortimer stood spellbound watching the upward climb. The man in the first plane began from time to time to throw hand grenades at the plane below him. These missed their aim and only fell in the

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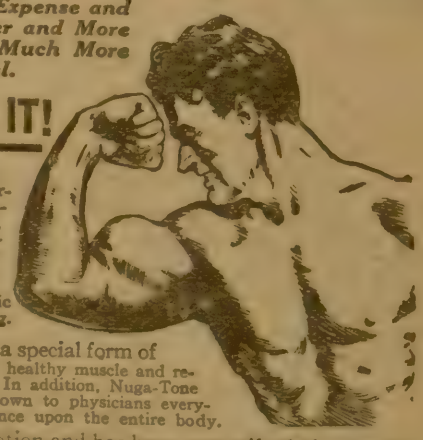

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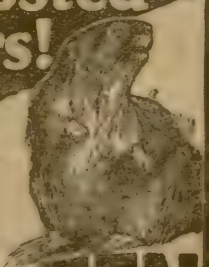

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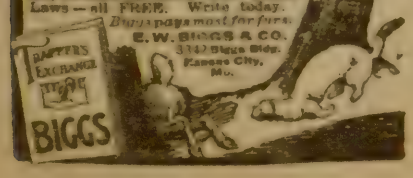

town, killing men, women and children in true Prussian fashion. And still the first plane climbed upward and upward and still the second kept in steady pursuit.

Meanwhile in the streets below the Algerians had won the day and driven the Berber troops from the place and was turning the town into a shambles. In vain did Bud Sifert, sent by Harold Mortimer to stop the slaughter, harangue the troops. The Europeans gave in, but the Algerians kept on, and until long after dark the murderous work was kept up.

Harold Mortimer refused all entreaties to go and lie down, or even have his wounds dressed. So long as that contest was going on in the air he was like a raving maniac while he watched it; and he raved and cursed and wept till he fell in the street from sheer exhaustion, and some of the skilled surgeons, always so numerous among Arabs and Algerians, at last had an opportunity to dress his wounds.

At the same time something exciting was taking place in the air. Dan McDonough, with Dawkins for his driver, was making every effort to drive the Prussian, Von Keller, to earth. He sat in the fusilage of the machine with his finger on the trigger of a machine gun, but the very moment he had thought himself close enough to use the weapon successfully, he had discovered to his horror that Von Keller had the Lady Khorassen in the machine with him.

"Dirty Prussian," he hissed. "That's like him, hiding behind a woman's skirt."

He was indeed puzzled to know what to do, because anything that he could do to the hateful Prussian would be equally dangerous for the woman.

"We'll chase them," he spoke to Dawkins. "Perhaps if we keep close to them I may get close enough after a while to try a shot with a tracer bullet."

Big Dan had kept his promise to Harold Mortimer, and at the first sign that the simoon had nearly spent its force he unleashed his machine which he had already put into a state of ultra-readiness and took to the air. Thus while the battle was raging outside Ghadames these two were making all possible speed to the scene. The Prussian had remained too long on the ground directing his troops. He should have obeyed his natural instinct and fled with his prey at the first appearance of a cessation of the simoon.

And now darkness, a real darkness and not the darkness of the simoon, was coming on. But this made no difference with McDonough and Dawkins. They kept close upon the other plane, which having mounted as high as the Prussian dared drive it started way toward the east, with them in close pursuit.

Away they went toward the east, pursuer slowly but surely gaining on the pursued.

"We must catch him before he reaches his military base," shouted McDonough, "or the game is lost. We must bring him down before that, even at the sacrifice of the lady."

And the Prussian after an hour's flight, for some unaccountable reason began to descend; perhaps he was running out of gas, perhaps his nerve was failing him because of this relentless pursuit. At any rate he finally cut out his engine and volplaned to the ground. Dawkins swung the searchlight of his machine full upon the other plane and saw the Prussian leap from it and go running off across the sand and low bushes pulling the unwilling Lady Khorassen behind him. McDonough saw the same thing and sent a rain of bullets from his machine gun into the German plane to render it helpless. He must have punctured the tank, for the thing suddenly caught fire and flamed up with a great light.

During the moment the two lost all track of the two fugitives, and afterward —throw their search light where they would—they could not by means of it again discover the Prussian and the woman he had kidnaped.

The fifth and concluding installment of this story will appear in next week's Ledger. The closing chapters will be even more exciting than any that have gone before. There will be some surprises, too, and no reader should fail to get the concluding part, otherwise they will miss the final curtain to this thrilling drama of the Orient, in which, let us hope, true heroism will triumph over black villainy and true love assert itself to the satisfaction of all.

* * *

Elephants Walk Tight Rope.

THE performing animal act is not new. Pliny tells of an elephant made to walk on the tight rope at the spectacles given by Germanicus at the beginning of the Christian era. The same writer describes an act where four elephants walked upon parallel ropes and carried between them a litter supporting a fifth, who feigned sickness.

Sir Emerson Tennant, a great traveler, tells that when the leader of a herd of elephants is wounded, all his "following" do their utmost to protect him from danger. When driven to extremity, they place him in their center, and crowd in front of him so eagerly that sportsmen have to shoot a number of them to kill him.

Wooden Spoil

(Continued From Page 8.)

tears. "For God's sake, don't hit me again!"

Simeon looked so abject that the cure had not the heart to continue his punishment. He looked about him. A singlestick describes a circle having a radius of several feet. Exercise 2 cleared the counter in a jiffy, leaving a wreck of reeking spirits and broken glass.

When the cure turned upon the enthusiastic, shouting throng, the grins died off their faces.

"Get out of here, my children!" he shouted. And, twirling his singlestick with indescribable velocity, he brought it down on one head after another, much as one might strike a row of fence posts. The terrible implement seemed to fly in all directions at the same time. Father Lucien cracked the last man across the shoulders and sent him flying into the street.

"For God's sake, don't leave me alone in here with him!" moaned Simeon from the floor.

Father Lucien came back and stood over him, twirling his singlestick meditatively. At last he laid it down upon the counter.

"It's all right, Simeon, my son," he said gently. "I think I've cured you now. I'm going to hear your confession. A man never knows when he's going to be sick, Simeon. Let me hear you say your Act of Contrition, if you haven't forgotten it."

"Wait a minute," pleaded Simeon. "Are you going to see my brother Louis afterward?"

"I've seen him," answered the cure. "And Jean Pouliot, and Albert Drouin, and Georges Moisan, and——"

"I'm going to," replied the cure grimly. So Simeon, with a new expression of gratification, came back into the Church.

When, fifteen minutes later, Father Lucien emerged from the shanty, Ste.

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Marie was an extraordinary sight. Every drink shop had locked up, their owners had fled and the streets were packed with crowds which, at the sight of the priest, set up a yell of delight. The women pressed about him, sobbing their gratitude. It was with difficulty that he could make his way thru the feminine bodyguard that accompanied him along his way, and after he had persuaded them to go home the distant cheering still rang in his ears.

"I shall come back every week," was Father Lucien's last promise to Ste. Marie. "I shall break the head of every man who has brandy in his house."

"God bless you, Father," came back from a hundred throats.

And, being at last satisfied that Ste. Marie was closed as tightly as it was ever likely to be, Father Lucien took the homeward road to St. Boniface again.

He went thru the limits instead of along the shore, and was nearing the village when he encountered Lafe.

"Hello, Father Lucy! Where do you come from?" asked the latter.

"I've just been paying a pastoral visit to Ste. Marie," said the cure demurely.

Lafe stared at him. "What d'you call that?" he demanded.

"That is a singlestick," said Father Lucien. "It is a good exerciser for old men like you and me, Lafe."

"Sort of light double club," said Lafe. "What's that hair on the end, Father? Say, that looks like blood, don't it?"

"That is Simeon Duval's" the cure answered. "You see, Mr. Lafe——"

Lafe stopped short. "Father Lucy, d'you mean to tell me you've knocked out Simeon?"

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Lafe. I couldn't get into his soul in any other way. But I'm getting there. Next time I shall have learned some more exercises, and then——"

"You closed up Ste. Marie?"

"Well, for the present, yes," admitted the cure. "But next time——"

"Shake, Father," said Lafe, stretching out his hand. "By George, you do get results after all when you start it. But why didn't you do that before?"

"It was your friend Monsieur Askew who put the thought into my head," said Father Lucien. "By the way, Mr. Lafe, I have a letter from a friend in St. Joseph."

"St. Joseph? Why, that's where Nanette Bonnat——"

"Precisely. And she has told everything about the visit to the island, concerning which, as you are aware, Mademoiselle Rosny——"

Lafe shook his head. "It ain't any use, Father," he said. "I been to see her and I told her. She knows that yarn ain't true. But she's like them Rosnys. She hates herself so much because she knows it ain't true that she hates him more. And he's going to leave St. Boniface."

"Tut, tut!" said the cure. "Mr. Lafe," he added seriously, "we must stop this. It is not for me to interfere, but at least the truth should be known. I am going to see the girl, Marie Dupont."

"I'm going that way," said Lafe. I'll go with you. I'm Hilary Askew's friend. And I'm uneasy about him. I've just been to the camp, and they tell me he's gone back to St. Boniface."

This story will be concluded in next week's Ledger.

Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

(Continued From Page 17)

trailing my luck some other-where, if I did the first fool thing that plopped into my nut. But playing fair, I'm going to stick an' do my slickest to see Luke Sanford's girl put up her scrap. Yes, sir."

"What did she want to fire Trevors for?" asked Benny, the cook.

Carson, looking at him contemptuously, spoke in contemptuous answer about the stem of his pipe. "Any man on the job can answer you that, Cookie. It's been open an' shut the last month Trevors is either crazy or crooked. I said, didn't I, Western Lumber's itching to get its devil-fish legs wropped aroun' Blue Lake timber? They've busted more than one rancher up in the mountains. Trevors is in with 'em. Any man on the ranch that don't know that don't want to know it!" He removed his pipe at last, and his look upon Benny was full of meaning. "Roll that in your dough, Cookie, an' make biscuits out'n it."

"Go easy there, grandfather," growled Benny.

"That's something I ain't learned," was old Carson's ready answer, lightly given. "I've told you before, if you don't want your name printed plain don't come around asking me to spell it."

Benny growled an answer but did not take up the quarrel. He knew Carson well enough to know that there was no man living readier for a fight or abler to conduct his own part of it. Carson, smaller than Benny, was wiry, quick-footed, hard-eyed. There was something about him that caused a man of Benny's sort to stop and think.

"Que hay, Bud?" called a voice, and old Jose, his face shining with his joy—Bud was certain that Judith had actually kissed the leathery cheek and wondered how she could do it!—came down the knoll. "La senorita wants you!"

"Haw!" gurgled Bandy O'Neil facetiously. "It's your manly beauty, Bud! You ol' son-of-a-gun of a lady-killer!"

Bud Lee swung about upon his heel to glare at Bandy. But suddenly conscious of a flush creeping up hotly under his tan, he turned his back and strode away to the house. Bandy's "haw, haw!" followed him. Lee's face was flaming when he entered the office.

"What do you want with me?" he said shortly, angered at Bandy, Judith Sanford and himself.

"Bow, wow!" retorted Judith, looking up from Trevors' table. "Whose dog art thou? Do you want me to think you are as fierce as you look?"

"You sent for me?" he said coolly.

She looked up at him critically. "What's come over you, Lee? I took you for a cool head—Heaven knows I need a few cool heads around me right now!—and here you show up with red in your eye, barking at me."

"Let's pass up whot I look like," said Lee stiffly. "What can I do for you, Miss Sanford?"

"Hm," said Judith. "On your high horse, are you? All right, stay there. What I want is some information. How long have you been on the Blue Lake payroll?"

"A little over six months," he answered colorlessly.

"Over six months?" A quick look of interest came into her eyes. "Trevors hired you? Or dad?"

"Your father."

"Then"—and a sudden, swift smile came for the first time that morning into the girl's eyes—"you're square! Thank God one man to be sure of."

She had risen with a quick impetuosity and put out her hand. Lee took it into his own, and felt it shut hard, like a man's.

"Just how do you know I'm square?" he asked slowly.

"Dad was human," she replied softly. "He made some mistakes. But he never made a mistake in a horse foreman yet. He has said to me a dozen times: 'Judy, watch the way a man treats his horse if you want to size him up! And never put your horse into the care of a man who isn't white, clean thru.' Dad knew, Bud Lee!"

Lee made no answer. For a little Judith, back at the long table and looking strangely small in the big, bare room before this massive piece of furniture, stared into vacancy with reminiscent eyes. Then, with a little shrug of her shoulder, she turned again to the tall foreman.

"Why did you tell Trevors this morning that you were going to quit work?" she asked with abrupt directness.

"Because," he answered, and by now his flush had subsided and his grave good-humor had come back to him with his customary serenity, "I felt like moving on."

"Because," she insisted, "you know that there was some dirty work afoot and did not care to be messed up in it?"

NOW here, most positively, Bud Lee said within himself, was a person to reckon with. How did she know all that? She was just a girl, somewhere, as old Carson put it, between 18 and 22. What business did a kid like this have knowing so blamed much?

"You've got your rope on the right pair of horns," he said after his brief pause.

"How did you know that Trevors was working the double-cross on this deal?" she demanded.

"I didn't know," he said stiffly. "I just guessed. The same as you. He was spending too much money; he was getting too little to show for it; he was selling too much stock too cheap."

"What's the matter with you?" cried the girl, surprising him with the heat of her words and the sudden darkening of her eyes. "Why do you insist on being so downright stand-offish and stiff and aloof? What have I done to you that you can't be decent? Here I am only putting foot on my own land and you make me feel like an intruder."

"I am answering your questions."

"Like a half-animated trained iceberg, yes. Can't you act like a human being? Oh, I've got your number, Bud Lee, and you are just as narrow between the horns as the rest of the outfit. You are narrow and prejudiced and blindly unreasonable! I know as much about ranching as any man of you; I know more about this outfit because the best man that ever set foot on it, and that's Luke Sanford, taught me every crook and bend of it; and now, just because I'm a girl and not a boy, you stand off like I had the smallpox; just when I need loyalty and understanding and

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when, the Lord knows, I've already got a double handful of trouble. I can't count for a minute on men that have been taking my pay for months! Get some of the mildew and cobwebs out of your head and tell me this: What reason in the world is there why you choose to think I haven't any business wearing my own shoes?"

"That's sure putting it straight," said Lee slowly.

"You just bet it's putting it straight!" she announced vigorously. "And you'll find that it's a way I have, putting things straight. I was trained to the business by a better man than you'll ever be, Bud Lee."

"Maybe so," he admitted without heat. "I'll take off my hat to Luke Sanford for a man. And I'll take off my hat to you, if you want to know. But, training or no training, this is no job for a lady, and shooting up Trevors and riding the Prince isn't going to make it so. Sure enough it's none of my butt-in what sort of thing you do. But at the same time there's no call for me to say you're doing fine when I don't see it that way."

"What you're looking for," sniffed Judith contemptuously, "is a female being extinct this one hundred years! You'd have every girl wear tails to her gowns, and duck and dodge behind fans and faint every time she jabbed her thumb with a pin!"

"I can't see that a woman's place is riding bucking broncos and rampsing around——"

"A woman's place!" she scoffed. "Her place where a blunder-headed man puts her! How do you know what her place is? Do you suppose the blood in a healthy-bodied, healthy-minded woman is any different from your blood? How would you like to be told just what your place is? To be jammed, for instance, into a little bungalow in a city; to be squeezed into a dress suit and told 'Stay there and look sweet;' to be commanded not to get up a natural sweat, nor to kick over the traces with which some woman had hitched you to the cart of convention. How'd you like it, Bud Lee?"

But Lee grinned and a new look crept into his eyes. "Being Bud Lee," he answered frankly, "I wouldn't stand it for one little tick of the clock! If you want me to swap talk with you all day at ninety bucks a month, all right. I'd say there's two kinds of men, too. There's my kind; there's the Dave Burril Lee kind. You see, he's a sort of relation of mine, is Dave Burril Lee, and I'm not exactly proud of him. He's the kind that wears dress suits and sticks in a bungalow. He's proud of his name Burril and Lee, both, because big men down South wore 'em before he did, and they were relations. He's swelled up over the way he can dance and ride after a fox, and over the coin he's got in the bank. Then there's Bud Lee who ducks out of that sort of a scrap-heap and beats it for the open."

"I get you!" broke in Judith, her eyes very bright. "And you men here, my men, want me to be the sort of woman that your precious cousin, Dave Burril, is a man? Is that it? Where's your logic this morning?"

"Meaning horse sense?" he smiled. "It's in these few little words: 'What's right for a man may be dead wrong for a woman.'"

"Oh, scat!" she cried impatiently. "What am I wasting time with you for? You're right when you say that if I am paying you ninety dollars a month and grub and blankets I'd better get something out of you besides talk." She swung back to her table. "What was Trevors' latest excuse for selling at a sacrifice?" she asked, her tone dry and businesslike. "Why was he selling those horses at fifty dollars a head?"

"Told me he just had a wire last night from young Hampton, asking for three thousand," he explained in a similar tone, tho his eyes were twinkling at her.

"Pollock Hampton has his nerve!" he snapped. She took up the telephone instrument at her elbow and demanded the Western Union at Rocky Bend. "Judith Sanford speaking," she said crisply. "Repeat the message of last night for the general manager, Blue Lake Ranch."

In a moment she had it. "So Trevors wasn't lying about that part of it," she said reluctantly. And to the Western Union agent, "Take this message:

Pollock Hampton, Hotel Glennlyn, San Francisco: Impossible send money now or for some time. Have fired Trevors. Running outfit myself. Need every cent we can raise to pay interest on loans, men's salaries and keep going. This is final.
JUDITH SANFORD,
General Manager.

"That may start his gray matter working," she ended as she clicked up the receiver. "Now, Lee, will you stick with me ten days or so and give me time to get a man in your place?"

"Yes. I'll do that, Miss Sanford."

"You will help me in every way you can while you are with me?"

"When I work for a man—or a woman," he added gravely, "I don't hold back anything."

"All right. Then start in right now and tell me about the gang Trevors has taken on. Are they all crooks?"

"I wouldn't say so. I wouldn't put it that strong."

"That little gray, quick-spoken man with the smelly pipe—he's straight, isn't he?"

"That would be old Carson? Yes; he's a good man. You won't find a better."

"Is he going to quit, too? Just because I've come?"

Lee shook his head. "If you work him right Carson will stick right along. Being white clean thru, being broader-minded than I am"—and the twinkle came again into his eyes—"Carson'll show you a square deal."

"Has he any love for Bayne Trevors?"

"Maybe you'd better ask Carson."

In a flash she was on her feet and had gone to the door. "Carson!" she called loudly. "Come here, will you?"

There was a little silence, a low sound of laughter, then Carson's sharp voice answering: "I'm coming!"

Judith went back to her chair. She did not speak until Carson's wiry form slipped thru the doorway. Then with the old cattleman's shrewd, hard eyes upon her she turned from a clip full of papers she had been looking thru and spoke to him quietly:

"You used to work for the Granite Canyon crowd, didn't you, Carson?"

"Yes'm," he answered.

"Cattle foreman there for several years?"

"Yes'm."

"Helped clean out the Roaring Creek gang, didn't you, Carson?"

Carson shifted a bit, colored under her fixed eyes, and finally admitted:

"Yes'm."

"Haven't had a real first-class fight for quite a bit, have you, Carson? Not since that gash on your jaw healed? Not since you and Scotty Webb mixed with the Roaring Creekers?"

Carson rubbed his jaw, flashed a quick look at Bud Lee as tho for moral support, looked still further embarrassed, and finally choked over his brief:

"No'm."

Judith sat smiling brightly up at his hard features. "I've heard dad talk about that," she said thoughtfully. "I guess I've got at least one real man on the ranch, Carson. Oh, don't dodge like that! I'm not going to put my arms around you and kiss you on the top of your head. But I do love a man that loves a fair fight. . . . Lee, here, has given me his promise to stick on the job for ten days or so, to give me time to get some one else to look after my horses."

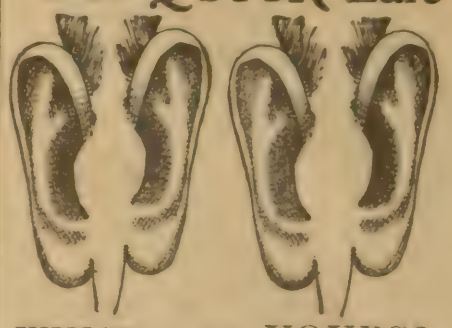
"Yes'm," said Carson, fingering his pipe and looking down.

For a few moments the girl sat still, now and then flashing a quick, keen look from one to the other of her two foremen. Then, abruptly, her eyes on Carson, she snapped: "You've found out, more or less recently, haven't you, that Bayne Trevors is a crook? You've perhaps even guessed that he's been taking money from me with one hand and from the Western Lumber with the other?"

"Yes'm," said Carson. "I doped it up like that."

"Why," cried the girl, "he's fired all of the old men and Heaven knows how many of his sort he's put in their places! Help me clean 'em out, Carson! Where will we begin? I've chucked Trevors

SLOW Ears or QUICK Ears



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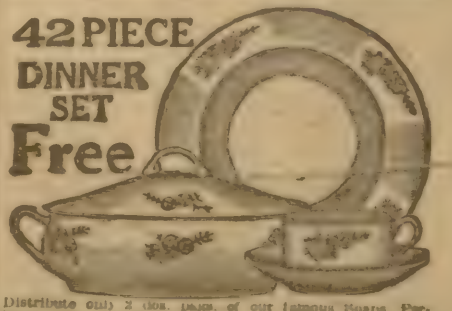

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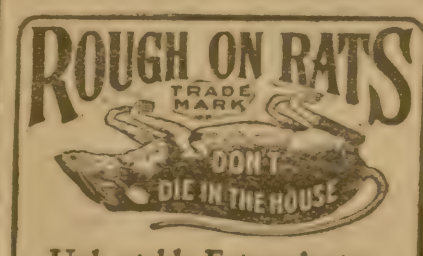

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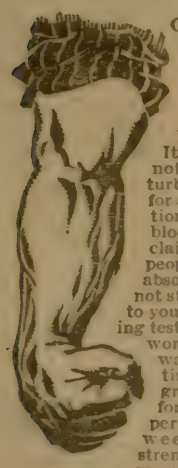

One dose often helps commence to enrich your blood and revitalize your wornout exhausted nerves — it is a newer form of iron, like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach. It is so prepared that it will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach. It is ready for almost immediate absorption and assimulation by the blood while some physicians claim metallic iron which people usually take is not absorbed at all. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of this newer form of iron — three times per day, after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

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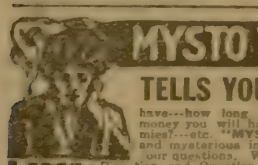
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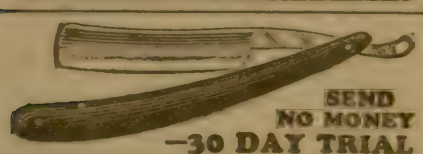

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and Ward Hannon. Who goes next, Carson?"

"Benny, the cook," said Carson gently. "An' I'd be obliged, ma'am, if you'd let me go boot him off'n the ranch."

"That's talking," she said enthusiastically. "You can attend to him. Any one else?"

Carson shook his head. "I got my suspicions," he said. "But that's all I'm dead sure on."

"The others can wait then. Now, I'm taking a gamble on you and Lee. You have all kinds of chances to double-cross me. But I've got to take a chance now and then. I'm going to tell you something: Trevors is trying to sell me out to the Western Lumber people. He is one of their crowd and has been since they bought him up six months ago. They want our timber tract over the north ridge but they don't think they will have to pay the price. They want the lake; they want the water-power of Blue Lake River. They want pretty well all we've got. The ranch, outside the stock we've got running on it, is worth a clean million dollars if it is worth a nickel. Well, the Western Lumber Company has offered us exactly two hundred and fifty thousand! One-quarter of what it's worth! They know we're mortgaged; they know the interest we have to pay is heavy; they know Pollock Hampton, for one, is a spender who knows nothing about big business; they think that I, because I'm a girl, am a fool. It looks to them like a melon easy to cut and ripe for the slicing."

She paused a moment, frowning thoughtfully at the floor. Then suddenly she lifted her eyes to Carson's, saying crisply: "Trevors took time at the end to tell me something. That something was that he was going to make me sell. He was excited a bit, I'll admit, or he wouldn't have spoken quite so plainly. And he counted upon the fact of my sex, of course, to feel confident that he could throw a scare into me. He even threatened, if I hadn't come to my senses before the ranch was dry in the summer, to burn me out!"

Carson blinked at her. "How's that?" he asked.

She told him again, coolly indifferent, it seemed to Carson.

"The durned polecat!" whispered the cattle foreman.

"Now, then," cried Judith, "you've got your first job cut out for you. Let Bayne Trevors or one of his gang set foot on Blue Lake land, and I'll tell you what I think of you, Carson! Or is the job going to be too big for you?"

Carson smiled deprecatingly. "I'd like to see 'em try it," he said in that soft, whispering voice which upon occasions was characteristic of him. "I sure would, Miss Judy!"

"That's all this morning, Carson," she said quietly. "On your way don't forget to look in on your friend Benny."

Carson went hastily down the knoll, his eyes bright. Judith laughed softly.

"I've got his number, Bud Lee! All that's needed to keep that old mountain-lion on the job is to show him a real fight ahead! And by golly, Mr. Man, there's going to be scrap enough from the very jump to make Carson forget whether he's working for a woman or John W. Satan, Esquire!"

Another big installment of this gripping Western story will be provided in next week's Ledger. Readers will find no dull chapters in this big, red-blooded tale. The scenes described, as the desperate struggle goes on between Judith and her faithful supporters and a band of mysterious enemies, are of such an exciting, thrilling nature as to fairly photograph themselves in the minds of the reader. Few fiction writers are capable of accomplishing such a rare feat. Those who fail to read this story will miss one of the very best the Ledger has offered in years.

The World at His Mercy

(Continued From Page 13.)

rary one. They soon realized that this turn of affairs was not one to be disappointed over. Rather it was an occasion for great and universal rejoicing. For had not the whole world been delivered from the ruthless fangs of a human monster, a very devil incarnate?

As soon as this latest and most momentous news was made known to the warships' crews they immediately prepared to steam away for their home ports. The while every ship was dressed in gay holiday attire by hundreds of multi-colored flags in victorious celebration of the overthrow of the world-tyrant, Martian Ray.

Within a very few hours that immediate neighborhood in the North Atlantic was as deserted of ships as a mill pond. All ships were homeward-bound to their respective countries; saved in the nick of time from a watery-berth in the ocean's deepest waters.

But it cannot be gainsaid that the future history of the world would be greatly different from what it will now apparently be, if Martian Ray's death had been put off for the period of a couple of weeks longer.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARTIAN RAY'S STORY.

ALL that remains now to be recorded here of that dreadful period of the world's existence, namely, from October 13th, 1999, which was the date when Martian Ray first wirelessed to America, up to the present time, the beginning of April, 2004, is the recording herewith of the contents of Martian Ray's manuscript which was duly received in New York City by the Acme Newspaper Syndicate, to whom it was sent by Martian Ray. It was immediately given out for publication by the press all over the world.

The envelope containing the said manuscript of Martian Ray was posted, according to the cancellation stamp at place of mail, at Rio de Janiero, Brazil, South America, and dated April 30, 2004. And as the manuscript is self-explanatory, there need be no comment upon it here by the chronicler of these strange events. Better that each individual reader form his or her own comments and opinions regarding them.

Now, then, for the reading of this remarkable manuscript which helped to solve the many puzzling mysteries that took place during the past four or more years:

"To all People and all Nations of the World:

"I, the poor human being who had foolishly aspired to erect a world throne and install himself thereon as the king of the whole wide world, and whom the world now knows under the name of 'Martian Ray,' has at last been overwhelmed by that strange and mysterious power which he had discovered and apparently mastered.

"This power, which I apparently had under my full control has now struck back at me with deadly effect. And, as a consequence, I am dying. Such is the terrible and inevitable price I must pay for my folly in tampering and meddling with the strange, mysterious and unknown forces of Nature.

"Therefore, before I draw my last earthly breath, I will endeavor to set down in writing a complete history of the past few years of my eventful life.

"The world, without doubt, will be eager to learn and know my real name, for, needless to say it, the name 'Martian Ray,' by which the world knows me, is not my real name. But my real name must forever be a mystery. I do not wish that my real identity should ever be known. Further on I will explain how I came to adopt the name of 'Martian Ray.' However this matter about names will cause no material difference as concerns this history.

"My nationality, too, must for certain and obvious reasons remain unknown. I do not want to stir up international strife by naming the country of my allegiance.

"In the year 1996, while in command of a large and powerful seagoing type of submarine and while cruising, under orders from my government, in the South Atlantic off the South American continent, in the neighborhood of the Horn, and while submerged at a depth of about seven fathoms, the entire machinery of my submarine became disabled. Fortunately we were well provided with an abundant air supply and nothing to fear in that quarter for a few days.

"While in this disabled condition we drifted about, submerged to the depth already noted, for twelve hours without anything out of the ordinary happening, in relation to our drifting around. But at the end of twelve hours, and with our machinery still disabled, we discovered to our dismay that our helpless vessel was in the clutch or grip of some powerful undersea current that was swiftly taking our ship southwards.

"As we realized our position, which was a grave one, indeed, we gave ourselves up for lost. We knew not whither we were going to bring up at, nor the minute we might doubtless strike some rock or undersea mountain or some iceberg; for we were going straight for

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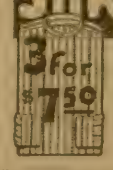

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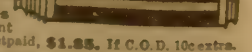

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the South Pole, and given a clear path we might arrive there by some mysterious undersea passage.

"In the meantime we made frantic efforts at repairing our machinery with the forlorn hope of possibly being able to fight against the powerful current and turn back to known and charted waters ere it was too late. But no such luck! We could not repair the machinery; apparently we were doomed.

"But after forty-eight hours of steady drifting in the clutch of the powerful undersea current, and when our air supply was all but exhausted and we could expect to remain alive only a couple of hours more, at the most, we noticed that the current had greatly diminished in velocity, and soon thereafter we found we had no more motion whatever.

"Then, with renewed hope, we put our last, dying energy to the task of setting in motion the machinery for rising to the surface, if perchance we were not underneath some ice-field or iceberg, in which event we surely would be lost.

"And, Heaven be praised, we succeeded in doing that almost impossible task. In a few more minutes we were up at the surface and breathing in the fresh, life-giving air. We had escaped a horrible death by a mere few minutes' of time—by a miracle. But into what part of the world had we been taken to by that mysterious undersea current? This was the puzzling question that we asked one another after we were fully recovered and were able to look about and take in our surroundings.

"Well, the only way to find out where we really were was to do so by "shooting the sun;" and as our chronometer had been carefully looked after and not allowed to stop we had no trouble in finding our position that very day as the sun was visible in the sky.

"Of course we knew beforehand that we were somewhere in the Antarctic on account of the sun being only a few degrees above the northern horizon, and at this season of the year he would be visible the whole twenty-four day in that part of the world. Therefore, in due time we took our observations. And the result, together with the necessary figuring, showed that we were at the approximate position of 88 degrees of south latitude and 90 degrees of west longitude.

"We could not credit our figuring as it was too incredible to believe that we had been carried so far south—well nigh to the South Pole itself. But as repeated figuring kept giving the same answer we were at last forced to believe that we had actually arrived at that position noted above.

"But the most puzzling thing of all was that our surroundings, instead of being a mere frozen waste, to conform with nature in those south-polar latitudes, were those of near tropical latitudes. Our submarine lay lazily floating upon the surface of a small lake that lay in the center of a valley. This valley was formed by low and high mountains which were covered by growing vegetation of a strange kind.

"It was readily agreed by all of us that we had accidentally come upon a veritable oasis in the midst of the Antarctic's frozen expanse. But for a while we were greatly puzzled as to how tropical temperature could prevail in this frigid zone, for it was easy to see that the sun was not responsible for it. Then we learned that this perpetual summer weather was caused by the warm water of the lake and some small tributary rivers which were doubtless heated by subterranean fires. Therefore, it was easy to see that the warm waters of those bodies of water acted upon the atmosphere over that immediate territory as the warm Gulf Stream acted in those parts thru which it flowed. Once those subterranean fires gave out and the waters of that lake and streams cooled down it was easy to guess what the result would be. But those same fires were likely to keep on burning for many a day—or age, and we need not worry over that matter.

"We soon found that the water of the lake was fit to drink, tho, of course, it was too warm to the taste. But not far away lay all kinds of ice. Also, we soon discovered that those waters abounded in many kinds of fish, and this served to supply a great part of our food. The valley was also greatly stocked with feathered game of many varieties. But the strangest thing of all that we soon discovered was that there were no quadrupeds of any kind, nor any human beings—other than ourselves, who formed the submarine's crew.

"But the momentous question that soon occupied our thoughts was: Would we ever be able to get out of this place and back to the world of things and men? The disabled machinery of our submarine was, after a few days' of hard work, repaired. Thereafter nearly every day we took short exploring trips under those waters, but we could not learn anything worth while.

"And now I come to the discovery of the great thing that held so much power, and of which the whole world has felt to its sorrow and dismay. One day while out tramping the hills I came upon a strange-looking rock that was half imbedded in the soft earth. This rock was of large dimensions, weighing many tons, apparently; but what puzzled me most was how came it to be just where it was? For it was manifestly out of place; it did not fit in with its immediate surroundings, or neighborhood. The only solution that I could arrive at was that it must have fallen from the sky—from out of space. And further investigation proved beyond doubting that this was the very truth of the matter.

"That strange rock, then, was a meteor that had evidently fallen from planetary space, possibly from one of the distant planets. Later on, thru my persistent and patient experimenting with it, I finally discovered that that innocent looking rock was full of a strange and most mysterious power, which, under certain conditions, induced by chemicals and an electric current, it gave off in the form of a powerful and invisible ray. This, then, is what led me later on to adopt that strange nom de plume, 'Martian Ray.' I had formed an idea that that rock must have come from far-away Mars; and by virtue of the mysterious ray which it gave off I hit upon that strange name under which to cover up my real identity.

"I soon came to realize that these rays I speak of held great and far-reaching possibilities. But it was some time before I discovered—accidentally—that they had such a mysterious effect upon the generation of electricity. And from then on I began to dream of great things. I saw that with those rays I would be able to conquer the world and make the whole world do my every wish. And the world has already seen that those strange dreams were not idle ones.

"Of course it took me many weeks to set up the necessary machinery that I had set out to erect and was needful to the successful operation of my pet scheme. The first step that was done was to explore minutely the lake under its placid surface and try to find its subterranean outlet or opening thru which we had entered while in the clutch of the undersea current. Once this was found we felt confident that our submarine's powerful propelling engines would be strong enough to propel our ship against the swift current and thus in time arrive again into the open South Atlantic.

"Well, after much searching we at last found this outlet and its position was carefully mapped for our future use. From then on I was kept fairly busy with my plans. I was in dire need of many things that could only be procured out in the civilized world. Therefore, being possessed of a fairly large private fortune I could easily afford to purchase anything that was needed to carry on my scheme.

"While the submarine was a government craft and not my personal property, I decided to keep it for my own use just the same; it was vitally needed by me if I would carry out my intended plans. My government, no doubt, had already given us up for lost anyway. Every man that formed the personnel of the submarine's crew swore allegiance to me, to follow me henceforth as their chief. They had been made fully aware of my future plans and readily agreed to stand by me and help carry out my scheme.

"After we had succeeded in once more gaining the open Atlantic we set a course for a lonely bay south of Buenos Aires where we secretly put in. From then on the next two months were spent by me in getting possession of all my available cash, in as secret a manner as possible, so that my identity might not become generally known, and also in purchasing the necessary articles that I wanted for proceeding with my plans.

In due course of time, after we had put in here and there along the coast for our supplies, we set a course for the Antarctic. In due time we once more emerged on the surface of that strange lake near the South Pole.

"Then my work went on apace. I soon found out that I could send the mysterious rays to any desired distance and over any desired territory. I got all the electric energy that I needed by harnessing a small waterfall that existed upon one of the low hills. I also was able to erect an extra powerful wireless plant, which was really necessary to my plans.

"The means I took to shut out or modify the sun's heat-rays from their entering the atmosphere surrounding this planet I will not divulge. Let it suffice to say that I threw an electric film or envelope all around the earth, and that thru this invisible mantle the sun's heat was powerless to penetrate.

"And now, alas, I must cut my history off short for I am near my end.

"I have destroyed all the machinery that I used beyond possibility of rebuilding; hence the world need no longer fear its mysterious influence.

"I have ordered my faithful followers to disband and each go his own private way out into the world of men. No one will be able to identify any of them as being the crew of my submarine, Conqueror, for every time they were forced to show themselves they wore masks which completely concealed their features. Of course they will have to account for their absence from the world for the past four years, or more, as best they can, when questioned on this point, and also give a plausible excuse for the loss of the submarine, ——, later named by me Conqueror.

"The commander of my submarine has orders to take this manuscript to some

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..Neuritis	..Stomach Disorders	..Despondency
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3. SEE ANY RAGS
4. HIS FORD RAN OR
5. WALL I RED ACE
6. OH NO LARD DOTTY
7. RAY BAD LICE
8. WANT BURN BY RASH
9. RUBE ILL BIKE
10. BUTTON, SEAKER

Can You Solve This Mystery?

Who is America's sweetheart? I'll give you just one guess. Why, of course—it's "Dip cy for mark,"—the first funny sentence above, only we've rearranged the letters in her name.

Her name is really Mary Pickford, the great movie star. Now that you know, you have 10 points to your credit in the Mary Pickford Mystery Puzzle. The ten funny sentences above are the names of ten movie stars with their letters rearranged.

If you can straighten them out to spell correctly the names of the movie actors, you have solved the mystery. You will get 100 points and can win the $1,000 reward.

More than likely you know the names of most of the Popular Movie Stars, but to be fair to everybody we are mentioning below the names of some of them just to refresh your memory: Mae Murray, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts, Harrison Ford, Billie Burke, Lila Lee, Buster Keaton, Will Rogers, Bryant Washburn, Alice Joyce, Dorothy Dalton, Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, Mary Pickford, Thomas Meighan and Alice Brady.

185 Points Wins $1,000

If you can correctly rearrange the ten names of the movie players I'll give you 100 points toward winning the $1,000. You will gain 60 more points by proving that you have shown a copy of The Rural Weekly to five of your friends. This will give you 160 points in all. The final 25 points will be awarded by the judges of the puzzle to the person who sends in the largest number of correct words made up from the letters in the name of the great movie star, "Mary Pickford."

Send in your names of the ten movie stars and your list of words together. Send them in NOW.

In making up your list of words from the name, "Mary Pickford," only letters that appear in her name can be used. A letter can be used in a single word only as many times as it appears in the name of the movie star. Only words found in the main body of Webster's Dictionary can be counted.

Abbreviations, proper nouns, proper adjectives, prefixes, suffixes, obsolete, archaic and foreign words cannot be counted. Words spelled alike, but with different definitions, can only be counted as one word. By just looking at the name "Mary Pickford" you can see such words as "for," "pick," "my," "or," etc. Number each word alphabetically on your list.

The winning answer or the one earning 185 points will receive $1,000 in cash.

There are 25 prizes and in case of a tie each tying contestant will receive identical prizes.

Send No Money—You Can be a Winner

Remember, folks, you don't have to spend one penny of your own money to win, and you won't be asked to subscribe to our paper. All you need to do is introduce The Rural Weekly to five of your friends, but first send your answer to the puzzle, and if it is correct, I will give you 100 Points. Then I'll show you how easy it is to gain the other 85 points necessary to win the $1,000 prize. Write the names of the ten Movie Stars correctly on a piece of paper and send it in right away with your list of words. Contest closes for solutions, Nov. 4th.

Address Answers to H. J. Scott, Dept. 8, The Rural Weekly, St. Paul, Minn.

port on the coast of South America and post it so that it may eventually reach the parties to whom I am sending it. Then he must destroy the submarine in anyway he sees fit. I have commanded that they bury me here in this Antarctic oasis where I can sleep in peace and quiet, far away from the rest of the world and its human inhabitants. I have come to love this strange place, and even in death I want to abide here in lonely solitude.

"By the time this reaches its destination in the civilized world I shall have been laid away in my lonely and remote grave for many days past. And I pray that the world will forgive me for the suffering I have caused it. It must remember that while I may have brought about much suffering and sorrow, I have also done much good, namely stopped the great European war—greater in fact, than the awful world tragedy of 1914.

"Remember me kindly, if at all possible, for putting a stop to much suffering that was being caused by the war.

"Remember me as the man who stopped the Great European War, and who did his utmost to bring about conditions that would have finally ensured perpetual peace. However, a Higher Power has willed otherwise and I cannot fulfill my dreams.

"And now I reluctantly bid the world good-by and eternal farewell; the cold hand of inexorable Death is upon my shoulder and creeping relentlessly toward my throat to shut off my life-breath——

"Good—by—fare—well—for—ev—er —

(Signed) "MARTIAN RAY."

THE END.

The Kite.

LIKE the swallows when they fly
Thru the mists that dull the sky;
In and out the cloudy veil
Long the sun, at hide and seek,
I have seen thru all the week
Playing in the Southern gale.

Summer winds, my kite I fling
Where your voices shrilly sing;
Up above the tallest tree!
Take it, make it mount on high
Farther than the sharpest eye
Well its swaying form can see!

Pull the string with all your might!
I have got it good and tight,
And my arm is very strong.
Tug away! My kite shall sail
Higher as it flaunts its tail
Like a serpent, lithe and long!

Summer winds, the tumbling clouds
Fly before your breath in crowds,
And my kite shall follow them—
Dipping, darting, onward fanned,
Till they reach that wondrous land—
Land of gold and fairy gem."

But your tempest-laden blast
In that land could never last,
Where the rainbow-fairies reign.
See, my kite has caught the glow!
What it sees I'd like to know—
Hovering o'er that bright domain.

As my cord so tightly wound
Spins and dances on the ground,
Farther off, my kite, you speed,
Floating thru that arch of cloud
Built above by winds so loud,—
And I'll follow where you lead!

Obeying the Sign.

"DID you deliver my message to Mr. Smith, Tommy?" asked the manager of the new office boy.

"No, sir," replied Tommy. "He was out and his office was locked up."

"Why didn't you wait for him, as I told you to do?"

"There was a notice on the door, sir, saying, 'Return immediately,' so I came back here as quickly as I could, sir."

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Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Charade.

333—My first is a basin, my second is to whisk about, my whole is a kind of pillow.

Magic Sentences.

334—In each of the following magic sentences is a word expressing something we discover by touch, the letters spelling it being in their correct order.

1. We took a very early train to the city.
2. It is often wise to recall our blessings.
3. We must search ardently for the best things.
4. We shall be happiest if friendly to everybody.
5. This I am sure of—I never should be discontented.
6. Among the trees was a great fir many times larger than those about it.
7. We all are—or ought to be—kind to others.
8. Whether or not I can learn that new step, I don't know.
9. Where is that lovely stick you were going to give me?
10. I fell down yesterday, but I didn't mind it.

Five-word Square.

335—1. To hold oneself erect on one's feet.
2. The high part of an old building such as a church or castle.
3. Conscious of a thing or knowing it.
4. A Roman emperor.
5. A vision seen during sleep.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

330—The White Steamer Puzzle.

When the speedometer registers 227.6 miles, which will be later in the afternoon of the 3rd day out, he must turn around and start back.

331—Beheadings and Curtailings.

1. A-bat-e. 2. A-bid-e. 3. A-bus-e. 4. A-cut-e. 5. A-die-u. 6. A-par-t. 7. A-men-d. 8. A-war-e.

332—Five-word Square.

N O R S E
O C E A N
R E B U T
S A U C E
E N T E R

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

A Girl's Idea.

"ETHEL," asked the teacher in ancient history class, "whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?"

"Atlas."

"Yes, quite right. Now, if Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?"

"I suppose he married a rich wife," replied Ethel.

Doing Their Best.

"COULDN'T you find any eggs, dear?" a woman asked her little city niece who was visiting her on her farm.

"No, auntie," said the child, "the hens were scratching all around as hard as they could, but they hadn't found a single egg."

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PERSONAL

YOUR FUTURE. KNOW THY-SELF. Knowledge is power. Test my work. Let me tell you how to use your mental forces for greater achievement. How to control your conscious and subconscious mind power. If others are prospering thru my advice, why not you? If you wish to overcome difficulties and gain success for the coming 12 months, send 10c in stamps and birth date. I will send you a Psycho-Analysis, Pages of Messages, Astro-Scientific Chart and my book on Success and How Attained. My work is different and considered the best. Theo. White, Dept. E-99, 8664 Moneta Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE SUFFERING from chronic, nervous, blood, skin, kidney or bladder diseases, remember: we have been treating these diseases for over a quarter of a century. Established in 1896. Write; book, symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE, caused from weak, nervous, rundown condition, try Castleberry's Pills. 24 days' treatment, $2.75. The wonder of the age. 50,000 pleased customers. Sample and wonderful testimonials free. A. F. Castleberry, Dept. 564, Columbus, Ga.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO-ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY, WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

BACHELORS, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN: If you desire a German wife, one who knows how to operate a frying pan, write for sealed information (stamp). George Grigoleit, 20 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

WHY BE LONESOME? CORRESPOND with our lady members. Names, addresses complete $1.00. Cosmopolitan Club, Box 423-I, Venice, Calif.

MAGIC SECRET: HOW TO GET YOUR desires, gain wealth and success. Send 20c postage to Reo, 116 West 39 St., New York, Desk 2.

ARE YOU EVER CONTROLLED, SCARED or influenced by others? One lesson overcomes for life. $1.00. Room No. 76, Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

THOUSANDS AFFECTIONATE LADIES want husbands. Descriptions, introductions, particulars free. Sealed. Many rich. Hall's Club, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — WORLD'S LEADING CORRE-spondence Club for lonely people. Many rich. Quick results. Lists free. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIREC-tory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., BL-53, Camden, N. J.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST. ESTABLISHED 18 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

DR. ROWE'S SERIAL 4, LATEST ON heart, kidney, urinary diseases; important information; postage 4c; send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PIC-tures and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCAN-dinavian Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE-scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA-per published; free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

WANT NEW FRIENDS? WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN correspondents. Introductions 25c. Clare, 16, Cambridge St., London, S. W., England.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY BACHELOR WANTS sweet, affectionate wife. Ladies, write. (L-B) Club, B-40, Cimarron, Kansas.

MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIP-tions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY, WRITE me, marry wealth. Mr. Hyde, Box 303, 86, San Francisco.

ARE YOU LONELY? WRITE DORIS DAWN, 10602 Saint Clair, Cleveland, Ohio. Enclose envelope, please.

WOULD YOU MARRY MAIDEN WORTH $80,000, pretty? Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

WESTERN STOCKMAN, 34, WOULD marry. Confidential. D Alliance, Box 95, Toledo, Ohio.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, booklet free. Address Home Club. L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LADIES, WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY merchant? Don't hesitate. Box 787, Dennison, Ohio.

LADIES, WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY merchant? Don't hesitate. Box 787, Dennison, Ohio.

HAPPINESS — MAKE ACQUAINTANCES everywhere. Photos, descriptions for stamp. The Bugle, A, Chicago, Ill.

MARRIAGE—PAPER FREE — THE AMER-ican Distributor, 627 Mount Pleasant, Penna.

WIDOW, 44, WITH FARMHOUSE, WANTS husband. K-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

John Z. Vincent Wilcox, P. O. Box 221, Falmouth, Mass., wishes to hear from or concerning Miss Linda Marshall, 25 years old. Last heard from in Canada when 6 years old. She had brown hair when a child. Reward offered by father.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, automobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples. No capital or experience necessary. Steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN ACT QUICK. TEN PATENTED auto necessities. Spark plugs, visors, windshield cleaners, hose clamps, etc. Generous commissions. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 214, Sta. C. Omaha, Neb.

MAKE $10.00 TO $25.00 DAILY CALLING on business places with fire-proof balers. Broad field, liberal commissions. Alsteel Manufacturing Co., 17 Carlyle St., Battle Creek, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED

AUTOMOBILE FREE TO TAILORING agents. Make $75.00 a week and up and get an automobile free taking orders for our fine tailored-to-measure clothes. Our line shows big assortment of virgin wool fabrics, all at the one low price of $29.75 for suit or overcoat. Every order pays you big cash profit in advance. We supply finest selling outfit and give an automobile free to every man who qualifies. Write quick for our startling offer. Dept. 552, Park Tailoring Company, Chicago.

AGENTS. BIGGEST MONEY TAKING ORders for newest style written guaranteed hosiery. Complete line men, women, children's, including silks. No competition. Not sold in stores. Written guarantee with each pair. You display samples and write order. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily in advance. No experience necessary. Spare time satisfactory. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 815, Dayton, Ohio.

TAILORING AGENT: GOOD MEN NOW earning $50.00 to $150.00 per week year around selling our wonderful $29.50 virgin wool tailored to order suits, overcoats. They sell fast because $20.00 cheaper than store prices. You get paid in advance. Protected territory; prefer experienced; will train inexperienced if right man. Write J. B. Simpson, personal, 831 West Adams St., Chicago, Dept. 293.

AGENTS: $60 A WEEK. GUARANTEED hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and colors, including finest line of silk hose. Mrs. McClure makes over $2000 a year. Mrs. Schurman averages $60 a month working spare time. Geo. Noble made $35 in one day. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 511, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—WONDERFUL SELLERS—MEN'S diagonal gas mask raincoats, "Goodyear Brand," costs you, dozen lots up, $1.80 each; women's, $2.00; children's, $1.65; rubberized aprons, $3.00 per dozen and Wonder 3 in 1 Bag, $3.25 per dozen. Order samples now. Biggest season coming. Profits unlimited. Goodyear Garment Mfg. Co., 202 East 12 St., New York.

NO DULL TIMES SELLING FOOD—PEOPLE must eat. Federal distributors make big money; $3,000 yearly and up; no capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. Your name on packages builds your own business. Free samples to customers. Repeat orders sure; exclusive territory. Ask now! Federal Pure Food Co., Dept. 37, Chicago.

AGENTS: $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY. YOUR pay in advance, introducing new style guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors and grades, including silk and heathers. The Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Dept. 439, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WOMAN REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. Earnest, refined woman can easily earn a good income introducing Readi-Sew clothes. There are children's garments already cut, beautifully embroidered, and semi made that save the mother half the cost. Write for interesting offer today. Readi-Sew Package Co., Inc., 35-37 E. 20th St., New York City.

AGENTS: I'LL PAY YOU $4.80 A DAY TAKing orders for new reversible coat. Two coats in one. Brand new. Not sold in stores. You take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. No experience necessary. No capital required. Write today for outfit. Parker Mfg. Co., 909 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES —Free auto; big weekly bonus; $1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7 piece solid aluminum handle cutlery set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23L, Chicago.

RISK A POSTAL AND LEARN HOW TO start profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

TERRITORY SALESMEN. FIRST POPULAR price fire extinguisher ever made. Every home, garage and office can be sold. $90 a week can be made. No capital or experience necessary. You take orders, we deliver and collect; pay you daily. Write for territory. Thurston Mfg. Co., 209 Foe St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS MAKE $10 DAILY—BIG LINE guaranteed extracts, food products, perfumes, toilet goods, household necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free sample case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 7, Hastings, Nebr.

AGENTS: GET YOUR MONEY ON THE spot. $16 daily demonstrating Serenolas. No waiting for commission or salary checks. No delivering. No collecting. Big season just starting. Write or wire. Perry Ludlow Co., S-1911, Dayton, Ohio.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E56, Attica, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

PORTRAIT AGENTS AND OTHERS. GET big profits. Sell Perry photo medallions. You charge $2.98; make 400% profit. $10 daily easy. Big, exclusive line. 4-day service. Perry Photo Novelty Corporation, Section 28, 360 Bowery, New York.

AMBITIOUS MEN, WRITE TODAY FOR ATtractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazine. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 62, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS: BIG PROFITS, NO COMPETItion. Make $5.00 to $15 daily selling our beautiful Scripture Text Calendars. Agents now selling from 10,000 to 50,000 yearly. Write now. Messenger Pub. Co., Dept. 119, 214 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—BEAUTIFUL COMPLETE NEW line combination toilet article sets—magnificent display boxes—sells instantly, now until Xmas. Tremendous profits. Exclusive territory. Foster Reid Factories, F 2001 Mango, Chicago.

NO CAPITAL NEEDED; NO CANVASSING required; regular income earned in spare time selling all nationally advertised correspondence courses at half price; experience unnecessary. Economy Educator Service, 1664C Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—JOLLY MOLLY DRESSES ARE quick sellers—good repeaters. Every woman wants one or more. Complete line now ready. No capital required—no experience necessary. Commissions advanced. Domestic Products Co., 514 Davies Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

$100 WEEKLY—SELLS LIKE WILDFIRE. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. No rubbing. Women crazy about it. Sells 25c; profit 18c. Premium plan gets business. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 1941-B, Irving Park, Chicago.

AGENTS—MAKE BIG MONEY THE YEAR round selling latest New York fashions, so smart looking and low priced no woman can resist buying. Strump & Co., Dept. 5, 29 West 34th St., New York City.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN, Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

AGENTS—200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL little article; something new; sells like wildfire; carry in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Gen. Mgr., 7706 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—$6 TO $12 A DAY. TAKE ORders for aluminum handle cutlery set. Brand new. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample to workers. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1715, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: SEND NAME AND ADDRESS AND get absolutely free box of Bassett's Native Herb Tablets. For constipation, indigestion, headache, rheumatism. Bassett's Native Herb Co., B-302, Columbus, Ohio.

AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission, Factory O, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich. wanted.

27,000 RECORDS GUARANTEED WITH one Everplay phonograph needle; new, different; cannot injure records; $10.00 daily easy. Free sample to workers. Everplay, Desk, 1011, McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG demand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Exclusive patterns. Free samples. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 200, Chicago.

$50,000 PROFITS IN PORTRAITS. CANvassing spiel, samples free and finance you. 24 hour service, prints, portraits, frames. Friedman's Studio, Dept. 1, 673 Madison, Chicago.

OPERATE NEW MARVELOUS MONEY making plan; clean, legitimate spare time mail order business. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. Duncan, 2803 S. 21st, St. Joseph, Mo.

RUMMAGE SALES MAKE $50.00 DAILY. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. Permanent business. Dept. 40, "Wholesale Distributors," 609 Division street, Chicago.

BIG MONEY SELLING "AMAZING STORY of Henry Ford." Most talked of man in America. Authorized edition. Just published. Outfit free. Mullikin Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—SELL "GIT," A NECESSITY IN every garage, factory, shop and home; duplicate orders easy; permanent business that will grow. Write for rapid selling plan. Git Manufacturing Co., Westfield, Mass.

AGENTS—$75 to $100 PER WEEK EASILY made selling Cresco raincoats, shopping bags and waterproof aprons. Big new selling outfit free. Improved Manufacturing Co., Dept. 307, Ashland, Ohio.

$5.00 PROFIT ON EVERY WHIZ SLICER sold hotels, restaurants, homes. Sale a day easy. Robbins made $120 first week. Write for agency. Alsteel Mfg. Co., 21 Carlyle St., Battle Creek, Mich.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS—SIX NEW FAST SELLING NECESsities, big demand, unique selling plan, makes dollar an hour, credit given, samples free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A, Chicago.

EVERY WOMAN WANTS NEW STYLE hair pieces. Enormous income easy. No investment. For big money-making proposition write Allwon, 4619 Broadway, Chicago.

FREE. START YOUR OWN LITTLE MAIL order business anywhere. Home employment evenings. Book free. Alonzo Pier, 74 Cortland street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING our ladies' aprons, baby outfits, drug sundries. Everybody's Rubber Supply Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

BIGGEST PROFITS—GOING LIKE WILDfire. Marvo washes clothes without rubbing. Samples free. Selin Products Company, Selinsgrove, Pa.

668 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY—2,716 formulas "Encyclopedia Business Opportunities." 3 volumes, $1. Ideal Book Shop, 5501-B North Robey, Chicago.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502, Wooster, O.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

LEARN STORY WRITING BY MAIL. Money and fame in magazine work. Biggest opportunity ever offered. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write to The Writers' Studio, Box 903, Stanford University, California.

BE INDEPENDENT. ESTABLISH YOURself in paying business suitable for any community; small capital required. Full information, including necessary formulas, forward one dollar to Enterprise, 150 Alexander, Vancouver, B. C.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1123 Broadway, New York.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

SILVER MIRRORS. PLATING OUTFITS furnished. Stop daily grind. Plans free. Established 1886. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

$135 MONTH. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. K6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

BIG MONEY FOR AMBITIOUS MEN IN automobile business. Millions of cars need constant service of trained men. Our course thoroly fits you for this important work. Many graduates making $2,000 to $10,000 yearly. Course very complete. Endorsed by big auto factories. Good positions await graduates. Learn in Detroit—the auto center, at the factory endorsed school. Write for free catalog. Be a winner. Start now. Send today. Mich. State Automobile School, 2210 Auto Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN—RAILway mail clerk "exam." soon. Let our expert (former government examiner) prepare you for this and also rural carrier, postoffice, customs, internal revenue and other branches. Write today for free booklet. Dept. 6410, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN-BOYS OVER 17. GET U. S. GOVERNment positions. $90-$195 month. Steady. No strikes. No layoffs. Pleasant work. Short hours. Paid vacation. Common education sufficient. Experience unnecessary. Many examinations coming. List free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K26, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY. Expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, POSTOFFICE and other help wanted by Government. $1400 to $2200. Examinations everywhere soon. Write today for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN TO LEARN VULCANIZING TRADE. A fine business to invest in. An Anderson school is near you. Anderson Steam Vulcanizer Co., Blawilliams Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, 17 TO 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ozment, 196 St. Louis, immediately.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Dept. 35, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

BOYS-MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXperts. $35 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. K. 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $200 MONTHLY, railroads everywhere; no strike (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DEsiring plain home sewing. No canvassing. City, country. To prevent curiosity seekers send twelve cents for imf. Good Wear Cloth Co., Inc., Asbury Park, N. J.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange Ind.

WOMEN WANTED. LEARN DRESS DEsigning, $35 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. K. 505, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—WOMEN-GIRLS. LEARN MILlinery at home. Earn $125 month. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. K, 804, Rochester, N. Y.

WE PAY BIG MONEY FOR PAINTING PILlow tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2219 Spyrn, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

GOLD MINING IN COLORADO NOW BOOMing. Make your fortune in the Pewabic Gold Company. Mine already produced two million dollars in gold, according to U. S. Government reports and another million in ore blocked out waiting to be milled. Our veins have been cut at 1700 feet by famous Newhouse tunnel on which competent engineers estimate mine to contain over one hundred million dollars in gold. Limited number of shares now selling at four cents each to raise money to complete mill. Price soon to be advanced. Full particulars, including engineers' report, sent free. Address Hoffman & Company, 1119 First National Bank Bldg., Denver, Colorado.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

50c AN ACRE CASH; BALANCE EASY monthly payments, buys deed to 10 acres oil land on greatest oil structure in Texas. Ten acres may become worth $200,000. Big drilling campaign planned. Buy now ahead of drill. Post card brings full particulars. No obligation. Gulf Realty Company, 234 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

FREE MAP KOSSE FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas, latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Company, Suite 283, Nell P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

MONEY IN GRAIN. $12.50 BUYS GUARantees on 10,000 bu. wheat. No further risk. Movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400; etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 332 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

1000 WAYS OF GETTING RICH quickly. One dollar. Somers, 160 N. Wells, Chicago, Illinois.

A HUNDRED TO ONE SPECULATION. Write for illustrated booklet. Little Hatchet Mining Co., Hachita, N. M.

PATENTED SPECIALTY BUSINESS WANTS county agents partially employed. Inventor, Four Eleven West Ferry, Buffalo.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

38 ACRES ON FINE LAKE NEAR KALamazoo. 4-room house, barn, poultry house, 34 fruit trees, 1½ acres strawberries, 150 raspberries, vineyard, horse and wagon, 2 cows, 70 chickens, plow, 4 loads hay, 2 boats. All for quick sale, $2000. $1000 down. Write today about this and other bargains. G. W. Swigart, 1288 1st National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

LANDLESS MEN! OPPORTUNITY AWAITS you near thriving city in Lower Michigan. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts; only $10 to $50 down; balance on long time. You can make a good living and money besides on a farm home of your own. Write today for free illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., X-1245 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

NEW MEXICO FARM LANDS

A NEW FOLDER ABOUT THE NEW STATE of New Mexico is now ready. Full information regarding crops raised and land cost in irrigated sections of Pecos and Rio Grande Valleys, also farm lands in the plains country. Close to good markets. Mild climate and long growing season. You can buy at reasonable prices on favorable terms. New Mexico is adapted to all the grain crops and especially the bright peagreen alfalfa which produces abundantly and tops the market. Truck farming pays well. The fruit raised here is prime quality; it brings excellent prices. Apples, pears, peaches, cantaloupes and small fruits thrive under irrigation. If you want land and a home get this folder and see New Mexico this fall. Write C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 982 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

HOMESTEAD LANDS

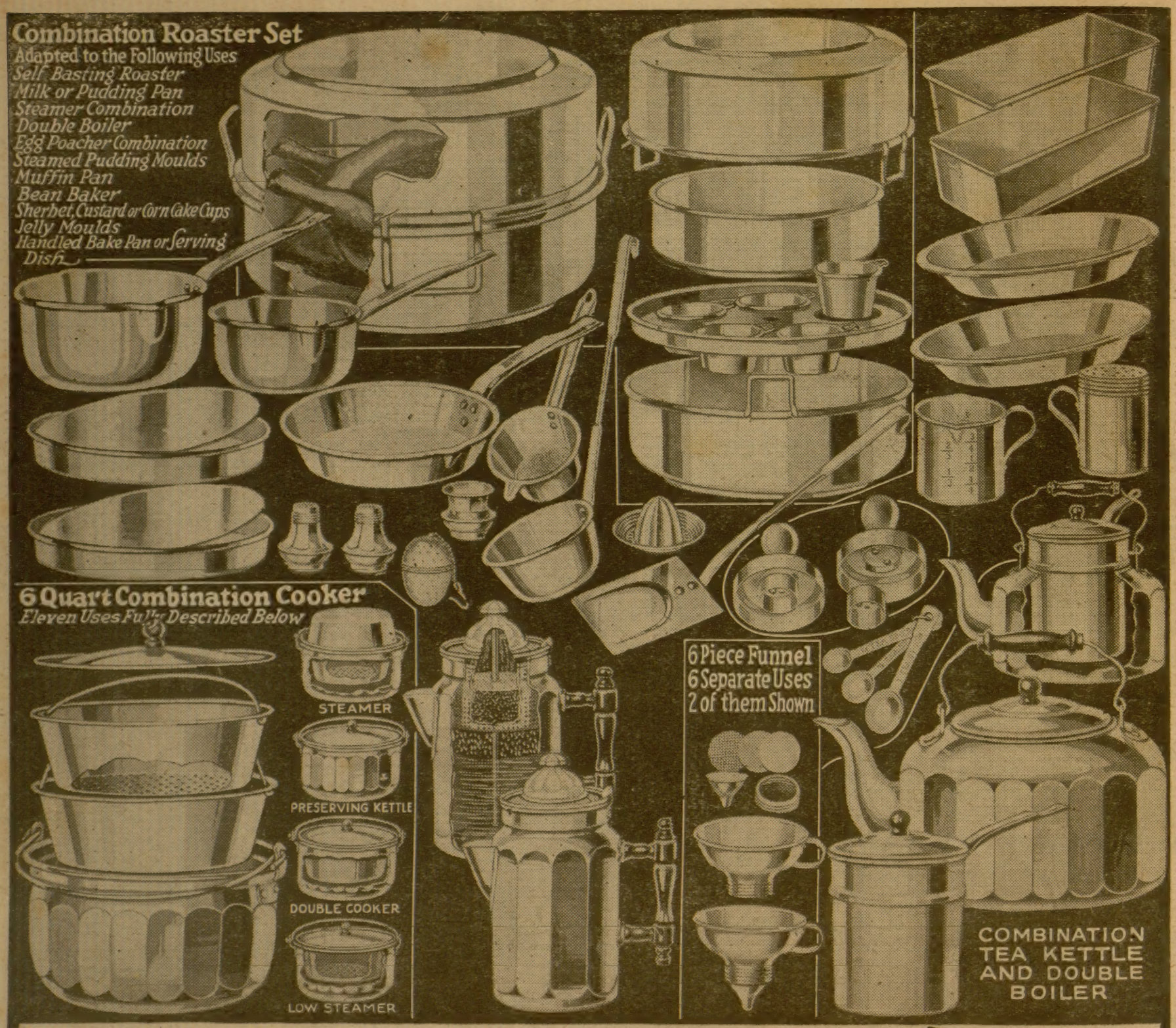
FREE HOMESTEAD LAND, HEALTHFUL Ozarks, raise corn, cotton, vegetables, fruit. Deer, turkey, fishing. Particulars free. Maurice B. Decker, Norfork, Ark.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

FARM WANTED

WANTED HEAR FROM OWNER FARM for sale, cash price. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.



THE MANUFACTURER HAS REDUCED HIS PRICE—I PASS THE BENEFIT ON TO YOU

Use As Your Own 30 Days FREE!

Price Last Year $23.75 Now $11.95 | **Every Piece Guaranteed to Wear 20 Years** | **50 Useful Pieces High Grade Aluminum** | **Easy Monthly Payments**

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The 50 Pieces

9-Piece roaster of large capacity—diameter 10⅞ inches—9 inches high. Inside milk pan 2⅛ inches high, 8¼ inches in diameter.
1 Colonial panelled six qt. tea kettle with double boiler inset (two qts.) and cover; 3 pieces.
1 Colonial panelled six qt. combination cooker. 11 uses. Pudding pan, strainer or colander, kettle cover, casserole or bake dish, convex kettle, preserving kettle, self-basting roaster, combination cooker, corn popper or corn flake toaster, cereal cooker or double boiler, steamer set (4 pieces).
1 One qt. lipped sauce pan
1 Two qt. lipped sauce pan
1 Fry pan
2 Pie plates—Diam. 10 in.
2 Jelly or layer cake pans with loose bottoms (4 pieces) diam. 10 in.
1 Colonial panelled percolator with inset, capacity 7 cups (2 pcs.)
2 Bread pans, 9¾ x 5½ in.
1 Pancake turner, 1 ladle
1 Coffee or tea strainer
1 Combination biscuit and doughnut cutter (2 pcs.)
1 Measuring cup
1 Combination funnel (6 pcs.) 6 separate uses
3 Measuring spoons
1 Lemon juice extractor
1 Sugar shaker
2 Colonial panelled salt and pepper shakers
1 Tea ball
1 Colonial panelled toothpick holder

I want you to use this Big Aluminum Set for 30 days entirely at my risk. Let me prove to you that it is the biggest bargain you ever saw. Let me prove to you that it is the biggest bargain you ever saw. Let me prove to you that it is the biggest bargain you ever saw. Let me prove to you that it is the biggest bargain you ever saw.

Here is one of the finest offers I have ever been able to make. Here is your chance to try for a whole month, right in your own kitchen, a Handsome, Useful, and High-Grade Panelled Aluminum Set at my invitation and at my risk. Send the coupon and first payment today. The complete set will be sent you immediately. Begin at once to use it as your own. Learn the big difference between percolator coffee and coffee-pot coffee; enjoy the richer aroma, the finer flavor and the clearer color. Know the many uses of the Big Combination Roaster (see picture above). See for yourself how it saves fuel, time and labor. Experience, by daily use, the pleasure in handling and the profit in using all the pieces. Enjoy the bright, clean, spick-and-span appearance the 50 pieces give your kitchen.

This Colonial Panelled Aluminum Set must be its own salesman, as You Don't Buy From Pictures When You Deal With Spear. You must be entirely satisfied with its High Quality, its Low Price, and its Easy Terms. You must be delighted with its Shining Beauty and its High Efficiency. If your satisfaction is not thorough from every viewpoint, no matter how much you have used the set during the 30 days, you can return it. Your first payment and all transportation costs will be refunded. The trial will not cost you a penny. **Important!** Every piece in this set is genuine high-grade, pure aluminum, mirror-like in finish, with a polish that cannot wear away, seamless, sanitary, and easy to clean. Will not flake, crack, chip, peel or corrode. **EACH AND EVERY PIECE IS GUARANTEED TO WEAR FOR TWENTY YEARS.** Heats rapidly and evenly, and so saves fuel. Heavier and better than ordinary grades. These pieces are made of extra-heavy, extra hard high-grade Aluminum, and will give years of Hard, Honest, Faithful Service. All the articles are of a large serviceable size. Every article is of the kind that you will need and use often. This set must not be confused with ordinary sets that include many useless thin pieces. You must judge this set by its big value, rather than its little price. And this you can do during your 30 Days' Free Trial. Price last year $23.75, which we have slashed to rock bottom. **Order No. PA2550. Terms: $1 with order, $1 monthly. Total price $11.95.** Will be shipped by express unless otherwise requested.

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Nathaniel Spear, President

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Send me at once the 50-piece Panelled Aluminum Set as described above. Enclosed is $1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you $1.00 monthly. Order No. PA2550. Total price, $11.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Be sure to write or print your name and address plainly. Send me your Big Free Catalog also.

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